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SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND

SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND

BY

WILLIAM WINTER

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
MOFFAT, YARD AND COMPANY
1910

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TO

My Beloved Daughter-In-Law

ELSIE LESLIE WINTER

With Homage For Her Beautiful Character
And Gratitude For Her Devoted Affection
I Dedicate These Memorials
Of Storied Scenes And Happy Hours
In The Old World

To twine her name with something that may live
I trace it here, and consecrate this page
To all her love has given or could give
To glad the twilight of my pensive age,—
The voice of glee, the tender word of cheer,
The gentle smile, so radiant and so kind,
The rippling laugh, the sympathetic tear,
And the sweet influence of a noble mind.

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PREFACE

Before submitting this book to my readers in its present form I have rewritten a considerable part of it and carefully revised the rest. The chapters have been arranged in a new sequence, so as to make them suggestive of a practical, pleasurable line of travel, and much material not before included in previous editions of SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND *has been introduced. Scenes that have soothed and elevated the mind are fondly remembered, and it was with affection and gratitude that I wrote this book, many years ago, when I had seen England for the first time (1877), and when it was easily possible for me to feel and to express the ardent enthusiasm of youth. The spirit of these sketches is sympathetic, not critical, and perhaps it is the quality of sympathy in them that has caused the reading public to receive them with so much and such long-continued favor. The first publication of them, in book form, was effected, under the title of* THE TRIP TO ENGLAND, *in 1879. Two years later that book, revised and augmented, was published in a new form, with illustrative pictures from the hand of my*

life-long friend, the great comedian, Jefferson. In 1883 a book of mine appeared, called ENGLISH RAMBLES, *containing additional sketches of travel in England. Each of those volumes was received with a practical public approbation all the more pleasing because it was unexpected. So general and so cordial, indeed, was the favor bestowed on my English sketches that I was encouraged to collect and incorporate them in a single volume, which, in 1888, was published, in Edinburgh, by my honored old friend David Douglas, under the title of* SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND,—*a title chosen for the reason that much of the writing relates to Stratford-upon-Avon, and to other places in Warwickshire associated with Shakespeare, while all of it aims to portray, or at least to suggest, the ideal England which has been created by her Poetry, of which Shakespeare is the soul and fountain-head.*

Long after the publication of SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND *I learned that this title had been used (1856) by a charming English writer, George Walter Thornbury (deceased), to designate his book descriptive of the physical condition of England in Shakespeare's time. If I had known of the earlier employment of the fanciful title I should not have chosen it, but after my book had been widely circulated it seemed unadvisable to change its name, while to do so now would*

be,—notwithstanding that extensive alterations and additions have been made,—an injustice to the book-buying public. Mention of the coincidence of title was duly made, in my Preface to the work, at the first opportunity. In 1892 Messrs. Macmillan & Company, now The Macmillan Company, published SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND *in America, and, later, in Great Britain. Under the name which it now bears it has passed through more than twenty-five printings. Many thousand copies of these sketches have been purchased, and in a long literary experience no incident has afforded me so much gratification as I have derived from the deeply sympathetic expressions of approval of their spirit which have been addressed to me from many readers, almost all of them personally strangers, in all parts of the English-speaking world.*

In this revision, intended to be final, of a labor which has been, essentially, one of love, I have, while co-ordinating the substance and, as I hope, improving the form, endeavored to preserve that liveliness of sensibility and ardor of feeling which characterized these sketches as originally written, and which, naturally, were prompted by the first view of places that reading and imagination, long before they were seen, had endeared to a reverent student of the history and literature of England. I have also sought, while eliminating

repetition, to express, wherever essential, the different moods and emotions awakened, in the same observer's mind, by different visits to the same place. The physical aspect of England has undergone some change since the bright days when first I mused in its temples and loitered in its rosy lanes, and some change, likewise, has occurred in its social condition; yet I believe that readers will find some pleasure still, in rambling with me through the verdurous, fragrant pathways of an earlier and more peaceful time. In descanting on the rural loveliness, the romantic architectural remains, and the historic and literary associations of the beautiful old land, it was, and still is, my earnest wish to impart guidance and suggestion to other travellers, wishful to explore its opulent realms of poetry and view its relics and memorials of renown. There is no pursuit more fascinating, or, in a highly intellectual sense, more remunerative, since it serves to define and regulate knowledge, to broaden the mental vision, to ripen judgment and taste, and to fill the memory with ennobling recollections.

I have often been assured by friends and strangers resident in Stratford-upon-Avon that a notable effect of the various publications of my English sketches has been a strong, recurrent stimulation of the tide of American travel toward the lovely little town, dream-

ing on Avon's bank, and to the Shakespeare shrines of beautiful Warwickshire. It would be pleasant to accept with implicit belief such generous and cheering assurances: there is a possibility that my writings on this subject have directed some of my countrymen in the path of Shakespearean research and helped and cheered them in their exploration of the poet's home: but it is the irresistible allurement of association with that marvellous genius, far more than the potentiality of all the words of all the writers who have succeeded him, that has made Stratford the goal of reverent pilgrimage, not only from America but from all parts of the world. The style and method with which I revived and treated this theme, more than thirty years ago, have, however, elicited the tribute of imitation,—certain writers, following in my footsteps, having been pleased to paraphrase and occasionally to appropriate portions of what I have written. One book, an elaborate LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE, *the work of Major James Walter (deceased), incorporates into its text, without credit, several passages of original description and reflection, taken from my published sketches of the Shakespeare Country, and,—which is still more unjust,—quotes, and attributes to me, a prolix, ebullient narrative of a nocturnal visit to Anne Hathaway's Cottage, —a narrative which I should be ashamed to have*

written, which I did not write, and of which I had no knowledge till I saw it in Major Walter's book.

Some of my later sketches of travel in England have been published under the title of GRAY DAYS AND GOLD, *others under that of* OLD SHRINES AND IVY, *while others have not, as yet, appeared in book form. All those later English sketches, revised and amplified, will presently be incorporated into one volume, as a companion to this, to be called* GRAY DAYS AND GOLD. *The records of my fondly remembered rambles in Scotland, which, hitherto, have been published in* BROWN HEATH AND BLUE BELLS, *and also those which are dispersed in various other places, will be gathered into one volume, to bear the title* OVER THE BORDER. *Persons who care for my writings will, perhaps, be pleased to know that I have long been under promise to supplement my English and Scotch books with a book about Ireland, and that I have nearly completed a volume of sketches of memorable places in America. If my life and strength endure, those projects, and several others, involving much labor, will be duly accomplished.*

Meantime, as a closing word, let me say that it is neither lack of sympathy with whatever of happiness exists around me nor lack of faith in the auspicious destiny of my native land and of mankind that has caused me, in celebrating the beauties of England, to

linger upon the hallowing associations of antiquity and to indicate the pathos more than the pageantry of human experience. Temperament is the controlling impulse of style and likewise of the drift of thought. I have thus written of England because she has filled my mind with beauty and impressed me with strangely commingled emotions of joy and sadness; and I doubt not that some memory of her venerable ruins, her ancient temples, her rustic glens, her gleaming rivers, and her flower-spangled plains will blend with the last thoughts that glimmer through my brain, when the shades of the eternal night are falling and the ramble of life is done. *W. W.*

New Brighton, New York,
June 1, 1910.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself, . . .
This precious stone set in the silver sea, . . .
This blessèd plot, this earth, this realm, this England, . . .
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world!

SHAKESPEARE.

All that I saw returns upon my view;
All that I heard comes back upon my ear;
All that I felt this moment doth renew.

Fair land; by Time's parental love made free,
By Social Order's watchful arms embraced,
With unexampled union meet in thee,
For eye and mind, the present and the past;
With golden prospect for futurity,
If that be reverenced which ought to last.

WORDSWORTH.

THE PASSING BELL.

(It is an accepted tradition in Stratford-upon-Avon that the bell of the Guild Chapel was tolled on the occasion of the death and also of the funeral of Shakespeare.)

Sweet bell of Stratford, tolling slow,
In summer gloaming's golden glow,
I hear and feel thy voice divine,
And all my soul responds to thine.

As now I hear thee, even so
My Shakespeare heard thee, long ago,
When lone by Avon's pensive stream
He wandered in his haunted dream:

Heard thee, and far his fancy sped
Through spectral caverns of the dead,
And strove, and strove in vain, to pierce
The secret of the universe.

As now thou mournest didst thou mourn
On that sad day when he was borne
Through the green aisle of honied limes,
To rest beneath the chamber'd chimes.

He heard thee not, nor cared to hear!
Another voice was in his ear,
And, freed from all the bonds of men,
He knew the awful secret then.

Sweet bell of Stratford, toll, and be
A sacred promise unto me
Of that great hour when I shall know
The path whereon his footsteps go.

STRATFORD, *September* 14, 1890

I.

THE VOYAGE.

The coast-line recedes and disappears, and night comes down upon the ocean. Into what dangers will the great ship plunge? Through what mysterious waste of waters will she make her viewless path? The black waves roll up around her. The strong blast fills her sails and whistles through her creaking cordage. Overhead the stars shine dimly amid the driving clouds. Mist and gloom close in the dubious prospect, and a strange sadness settles upon the heart of the voyager, who has left his home behind, and who now seeks, for the first time, the land, the homes, and the manners of the stranger. Thoughts and images of the past crowd thick upon his remembrance. The faces of absent friends rise before him, whom, perhaps, he is destined

nevermore to behold. He sees their smiles; he hears their voices; he fancies them by familiar hearthstones, in the light of the evening lamps. They are very far away now, and already it seems months instead of hours since the parting moment. Vain now the pang of regret for misunderstandings, unkindness, neglect; for golden moments slighted and gentle courtesies left undone. He is alone upon the wild sea,—all the more alone because surrounded with unknown companions,—and the best he can do is to seek his lonely pillow with a prayer in his heart and on his lips. Never before did he so clearly know, never again will he so deeply feel, the uncertainty of human life and the weakness of human nature. Yet, as he notes the rush and throb of the vast ship and the noise of the breaking waves against her, and thinks of the mighty deep beneath and the broad and melancholy expanse that stretches away on every side, he cannot miss the impression,—grand, noble, and thrilling,—of human courage, skill, and power. For this ship is the centre of a splendid conflict. Man

and the elements are here at war, and man makes conquest of the elements by using them as weapons against themselves. Strong and brilliant, the head-light streams over the boiling surges. Lanterns gleam in the tops. Dark figures keep watch upon the prow. The officer of the night is at his post upon the bridge. Let danger threaten howsoever it may, it cannot come unawares; it cannot subdue, without a tremendous struggle, the brave minds and hardy bodies that are here arrayed to meet it. With this thought, perhaps, the weary voyager sinks to sleep; and this is his first night at sea.

There is no tediousness of solitude to him who has within himself resources of thought and dream, the pleasures and pains of memory, the bliss and the torture of imagination. It is best to have few acquaintances, or none, on shipboard. Human companionship, at some times, and this is one of them, distracts by its pettiness. The voyager should yield himself to Nature now, and meet his soul face to face. The routine of everyday life is commonplace

enough, equally upon sea and land. But the ocean is a continual pageant, filling and soothing the mind with unspeakable peace. Never, in even the grandest words of poetry, was the grandeur of the sea expressed. Its vastness, freedom, joy, and beauty overwhelm the mind. All things else seem puny and momentary beside the life that this immense creation unfolds and inspires. Sometimes it shines in the sun, a wilderness of shimmering silver. Sometimes its long waves are black, smooth, glittering, and dangerous. Sometimes it seems instinct with a superb wrath, and its huge masses rise, and clash together, and break into crests of foam. Sometimes it is gray and quiet, as if in a sullen sleep. Sometimes the white mist broods upon it and deepens the sense of awful mystery by which it is forever enwrapped. At night its surging billows are furrowed with long streaks of phosphorescent fire; or, it may be, the waves roll gently, under the soft light of stars; or all the waste is dim, save where, beneath the moon, a glorious pathway, broadening out to the far horizon, allures and points to heaven.

One of the most exquisite delights of the voyage, whether by day or night, is to lie upon the deck in some secluded spot, and look up at the tall, tapering spars as they sway with the motion of the ship, while over them the white clouds float, in ever-changing shapes, or the starry constellations move, in their eternal march. No need now of reading or of talk! The eyes are fed by every object they behold. The great ship, with all her white wings spread, careening like a tiny sailboat, dips and rises, with sinuous, stately grace. The clank of her engines,—fit type of constant industry and purpose,—goes steadily on. The song of the sailors,—"Give me some time to blow the man down,"—rises in cheery melody, full of audacious, light-hearted thoughtlessness, and strangely tinged with the romance of the sea. Far out toward the horizon many whales come sporting and spouting along. At once, out of the distant bank of cloud and mist, a little vessel springs into view, and with convulsive movement, tilting up and down like the miniature barque upon an old Dutch clock, dances across the

vista and vanishes into space. Soon a tempest bursts upon the calm; and then, safe-housed from the fierce blast and blinding rain, the voyager exults over the stern battle of winds and waters and the stalwart, undaunted strength with which his ship bears down the furious floods and stems the gale. By and by a quiet hour is given, when, met with the companions of his journey, he stands in the hushed cabin and hears the voice of prayer and the hymn of praise, and, in the pauses, a gentle ripple of waves against the ship, which now rocks lazily upon the sunny deep; and, ever and anon, as she dips, he can discern through her open ports the shining sea and the wheeling and circling gulls that have come out to welcome her.

Toward the middle of the night the ship comes to a pause, off the coast of Ireland, and, looking forth across the black waves and through rifts in the rising mist, I dimly see the blurred verge of that land of beauty and misery. A brilliant white light flashes, now and then, from the shore, and at intervals the mournful booming of a solemn bell floats over the sea. Soon is

heard the rolling click of oars, and two or three shadowy boats glide past the ship, and hoarse voices hail and answer. A few stars are visible in the hazy sky, and the breeze from the land brings off, in fitful puffs, the fragrance of grass and clover, mingled with the salt odor of sea-weed and mossy rocks. There is a sense of mystery over the whole wild scene; but I realize now that the ocean has been traversed, that the long and lonely voyage is ended, and that, at last, I have come to the shores of the Old World, so long the goal of romantic desire.

This traveller, when first he saw the coast of England, dim in the distance, felt, with a forlorn sense of loneliness, that he was a stranger; but when last he saw that coast he beheld it through a mist of tears and knew that he had parted from many cherished friends, many of the gentlest men and women upon the earth, and from a land henceforth as dear to him as his own. England is a country which to see is to love. As you draw near to her shores you are pleased at once with the air of careless finish and negligent grace that

everywhere overhangs the prospect. Picturesque Fastnet, with its gaily painted tower, has been left behind. The grim, wind-beaten hills of Ireland have been passed,—hills crowned, here and there, with dark, fierce towers that look like strongholds of ancient bandit chiefs, and cleft by dim valleys that seem to promise endless treasures of fancy, hid in their sombre depths. Morning comes, and it is off the noble crags of Holyhead, perhaps, that the voyager first observes with what a deft skill the hand of art has here moulded Nature's luxuriance into forms of seeming chance-born beauty; and from that hour, wherever in rural England the footsteps of the pilgrim may roam, he will behold little except gentle rustic adornment, that has grown with the grass and the roses—greener grass and redder roses than ever we see in our western world. In the English nature a spontaneous love of the beautiful is as fluent as the blowing of the summer wind. Portions of English cities, indeed, are hard and harsh and coarse enough to suit the most utilitarian taste; yet, even in those regions of dreary

monotony, the national love of flowers will find expression, for, in many winning ways, the people beautify their homes and make their surroundings lovely. There is a tone of rest and home-like comfort even in murky Liverpool; and great magnificence is there, as well of architecture and opulent living as of enterprise and action.

"Towered cities" and "the busy hum of men," however, are soon left behind by the wise traveller in England. A time will come for them; but in his first sojourn there he soon discovers the two things that are utterly to absorb him, which cannot disappoint, and which are the fulfilment of all his dreams. These things are—the rustic loveliness of the land and the charm of its vital, splendid antiquity. The green lanes, the thatched cottages, the meadows glorious with wild-flowers, the little churches covered with dark-green ivy, the Tudor gables festooned with roses, the devious footpaths that wind across wild heaths and long and lonesome fields, the narrow, shining rivers, brimful to their banks and crossed here and there with gray,

moss-grown bridges, the stately elms whose low-hanging branches droop over a turf of emerald velvet, the gnarled beech-trees "that wreathe their old, fantastic roots so high," the rooks that caw and circle in the air, the sweet winds that blow from fragrant woods, the sheep and the deer that rest in shady places, the pretty children who cluster round the porches of their cleanly, cosey homes, and peep at the wayfarer as he passes, the numerous and often brilliant birds that, at times, fill the air with music, the brief, light, pleasant rains that ever and anon refresh the landscape,—these are some of the everyday joys of rural England; and these are wrapped in a climate that makes life a serene ecstasy. Meantime, in rich valleys or on verdant slopes, many old castles and monasteries, ruined or half in ruins, allure the pilgrim's gaze, inspire his imagination, arouse his memory, and fill his mind. The pure romance of the past and the fine reality of the present are his banquet now; and nothing is wanting to the perfection of the feast.

II.

UP TO LONDON.

Travellers who make the journey from Liverpool to London by the Midland Railway pass through the vale of Derby and skirt the stately Peak that Scott has described and romantically graced in his novel of "Peveril." It is, relatively, a wild and somewhat rugged country, but very beautiful. You see the storied Peak, in its delicacy of outline and its airy magnificence of poise,—the summit almost lost in the smoky haze,—and you wind through hillside pastures and meadow-lands that, here and there, are curiously intersected with low, zigzag stone walls; and constantly, as the scene changes, you catch glimpses of green lane and shining river; of dense copses that cast a cool shadow on the dewy, gleaming emerald sod; of long white roads that stretch away like

cathedral aisles and are lost beneath the leafy arches of elm and oak; of little church towers embowered in ivy; of thatched cottages draped with roses; of dark ravines, luxuriant with a wild profusion of rocks and trees; and of golden grain that softly waves and whispers in the summer wind; while, all around, the grassy banks and glimmering meadows are radiant with yellow daisies, and with that wonderful scarlet of the poppy that gives a delicious glow of life and loveliness to the whole face of England. After some hours of such a pageant,—so novel, so fascinating, so fleeting, so stimulative of eager curiosity and poetic desire,—it is a kind of relief, at last, to emerge in the populous streets and among the grim houses of London, with its surging tide and turmoil of exultant life. How strange it seems —yet, at the same time, how familiar! There soars the great dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, with its golden cross that flashes in the sun. There stands the Victoria Tower,—fit emblem of the royalty of the sovereign whose name it bears. And there, less lofty but more august,

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON

The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile
Formed to repel the still or stormy waste
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aërial rise.

THOMSON.

rise the sacred turrets of the Abbey. It is the great heart of the modern world,—the great city of our reverence and love. As the wanderer writes these words he hears the plashing of the fountains in Trafalgar Square and the evening chimes that peal from the spire of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and he knows himself at the shrine of his youthful dreams.

To the observant stranger in London few sights can be more impressive than those that illustrate the singular manner in which the life of the present encroaches upon the memorials of the past. The Midland Railway trains dash over what was once St. Pancras churchyard,—the burial-place of Mary Wollstonecraft, William Godwin, and many other British worthies,—and passengers looking from the coaches can see the children of the neighborhood sporting among the few tombs that yet remain in that despoiled cemetery. Dolly's Chop-House, intimately associated with the wits of the reign of Queen Anne, has been destroyed. The ancient tavern of The Cock, immortalized by Tennyson, in his poem of

"Will Waterproof's Monologue," is soon to disappear,—with its singular wooden vestibule that existed before the time of the plague and escaped the great fire. On the site of Northumberland House stands the Grand Hotel. The gravestones that formerly paved the precincts of Westminster Abbey have been removed, to make way for grassy lawns intersected with pathways. In Southwark the engine-room of the brewery of Messrs. Barclay & Perkins occupies the site of the Globe Theatre, in which many of Shakespeare's plays were first produced. One of the most venerable and beautiful churches in London, that of St. Bartholomew the Great,—a gray, mouldering temple, of the twelfth century, hidden away in a corner of Smithfield,—is desecrated by the irruption of an adjacent shop, the staircase hall of which breaks cruelly into the sacred edifice and impends above the altar. In one of many strolls, entering the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden,—the sepulchre of William Wycherley, Robert Wilks, Charles Macklin, Joseph Haines, Thomas King, Sam-

uel Butler, Thomas Southerne, Edward Shuter, Dr. Arne, Thomas Davies, Edward Kynaston, Richard Estcourt, William Havard, and many other renowned votaries of literature and the stage,—I observed that workmen were building a new wall to sustain the enclosure, and perceived that almost every gravestone in the cemetery had been removed and was propped against the adjacent houses. Those monuments, it was said, would be replaced; but it was impossible not to consider the chances of ludicrous or painful error in a new mortuary deal.

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Facts such as these convey admonition that even the relics of the past are passing away, and that cities, unlike human creatures, may grow to be so old that at last they will become new. It is not wonderful that London should change its aspect from one decade to another, as the living surmount and obliterate the dead. Thomas Sutton's Charter-House School, founded in 1611, when Shakespeare and Ben Jonson were still writing, was reared upon ground in which several thousand corpses were

buried, during the time of the Indian pestilence of 1348. Nine thousand new houses, it is said, are built in the great capital every year, and twenty-eight miles of new street are thus added to it. I drove for three hours through the eastern part of London without coming upon a trace of open fields. On the west, all the region from Kensington to Richmond is settled for most part of the way, while northward the city is stretching its arms toward Hampstead, Highgate, and tranquil, blooming Finchley. Truly the spirit of this age is in strong contrast with that of the time of King Henry the Eighth, when (1530), to prevent the increasing size of London, all new buildings were forbidden to be erected "where no former hath been known to have been." The march of improvement carries everything before it: even British conservatism is, at some points, giving way: and, noting the changes that are in progress, I am persuaded that those persons who would see what remains of the London of which they have read and dreamed,—the London of Betterton, Dryden, Pope, and Addi-

THE BEAR GARDEN

THE GLOBE THEATRE

From The Venetian Map, 1629.

Instructive task! to trace the gradual growth
Of art dramatic. Here its cradle was,
Here Shakespeare came, and here his glorious Muse
Entranced and lured with wonder and delight,
Breathing these strains of thought and melody
That will forever echo round the world.

son, the London of Sheridan, Byron, and Edmund Kean,—will, as time passes, find more and more difficulty both in tracing the footsteps of fame and encountering that sympathetic, reverent spirit which hallows the relics of genius and renown. Nothing is permanent. All things are subject to mutability. Reverence is repulsed by cynicism. Romance is chilled by ridicule. The holiest emotions of which human nature is capable are marred by the incessant pressure of care, or deadened by observation of the manifold evils of the world, or decayed by the silent encroachments of age. Much that is memorable, however, still remains, to reward the seeker for it, and those men and women ought to deem themselves exceptionally blest who, retaining something of the simplicity, trust, and ingenuous enthusiasm of youth, are able, even for a little time, to find delight in storied places, and to endow with any glamour of poetry the objects which they behold.

III.

THE BEAUTY OF ENGLAND.

It is not strange that Englishmen should be, as certainly they are, passionate lovers of their country, for their country is peaceful, gentle, and beautiful. Even in vast London, where practical life asserts itself with such prodigious force, the stranger is impressed, in every direction, with a sentiment of repose. This national sentiment seems to proceed in part from the antiquity of the social system here established, and in part from the affectionate nature of the English people. Here are finished towns, rural regions thoroughly cultivated and exquisitely adorned; ancient architecture, crumbling in slow decay; and a soil so rich and pure that, even in its idlest mood, it lights itself up with flowers, even as the face of a sleeping child lights itself up

with smiles. Here, also, are kindly manners, settled principles, many good laws and wise customs,—wise, because rooted in the ascertained attributes of human nature; and, above all, here is the practice of trying to live in a happy condition, instead of trying to make a noise about it. Here, accordingly, life is hallowed with the comfortable, genial, loving spirit of home. It would be possible to come into contact here with absurd forms and pernicious abuses, to observe absurd individuals, and to discover veins of sordid selfishness and of evil and sorrow; but the merits that first and most deeply impress the observer of England and English society are their potential, manifold sources of beauty, refinement, and peace. There are, indeed, grumblers. Mention has been made of a person who, even in heaven, would complain that his cloud was damp and his halo a misfit: perfection does not exist, anywhere: but the man who could not be happy in England, in as far, at least, as happiness depends upon external objects and influences, could not reasonably expect to be happy anywhere.

Heat is perceptible for an hour or two, on each summer day, but it causes no discomfort. Fog is understood to be, at all times, lurking in the Irish Sea and the English Channel, and waiting for November, when it will drift into town and grime all the new paint on the London houses. Meantime, the sky is softly blue and full of magnificent bronze clouds; the air is cool, and, in the environs of the city, is fragrant with the scent of new-mown hay; and the grass and trees in the parks,—those copious, preservatory lungs of London,—are green, dewy, sweet, and beautiful. Persons "to the manner born" call the season "backward," and complain that the hawthorn is less brilliant than in former seasons, but in fact, to the unfamiliar sense, this tree of odorous coral is exceptionally delicious. Nothing quite comparable with it is found in northern America, unless it be the elder of our wild woods, and even that, though equally fragrant, lacks equal charm of color. They use the hawthorn, or some kindred shrub, for hedges, in England, and their fields, in general, are not disfigured with fences. As you

ride through the land you see miles and miles of meadow, intersected by these green and blooming hedgerows, which give the country a charm incommunicable by words. The green of the foliage,—enriched by an uncommonly humid air and burnished by the sun,—is perfect, while the flowers bloom in such abundance that the whole realm is one glowing pageant. I saw, on the crest of a hill, near Oxford, a single ray of at least a thousand feet of scarlet poppies. Imagine that glorious dash of color in a green landscape lit by the afternoon sun! Nobody could help loving a land that wooes him with such beauty.

English flowers are exceptional for substance and pomp. The roses, in particular,—though many of them are of French breeds,—surpass all others. The statement may seem extravagant, but it is true, that these rich, firm, brilliant flowers affect you like creatures of flesh and blood. They are, in this respect, only to be described as like the bright lips and blushing cheeks of the handsome English women who walk among them and vie with

them in health and loveliness. It is easy to perceive the source of those elements of warmth and splendor that are so conspicuous in the fabrics and denotements of English taste. It is a land of flowers. Even in busy parts of London the inhabitants decorate their houses with them, and set the sombre, fog-grimed fronts ablaze with scarlet and gold. Those are the prevalent colors,—radically so, for they have become national,—and, when placed against the black tint with which the climate stains the buildings, they have the advantage of a vivid contrast that augments their brilliant effect. Much of London wears crape, variegated with a tracery of white, like lace upon a pall, and in some instances the combination is magnificent. There cannot be a grander artificial object than St. Paul's Cathedral, which is especially notable for this mysterious blending of light and shade. It is to be deplored that a climate which can thus beautify should also destroy, but there can be no doubt that the stones of London are steadily defaced by the action of the damp atmos-

phere,—as shown by the condition of the delicate carving on the Palace of Westminster. And yet, to judge the climate by a glittering July day, England is a land of sunshine as well as of flowers. Light comes before three o'clock in the morning, and it lasts, through a dreamy, lovely gloaming, till nearly ten o'clock at night. The morning sky is usually light blue, dappled with slate-colored clouds. A few large stars are visible then, lingering to outface the dawn. Cool winds whisper, and presently they rouse the great, sleepy, old elms; and then the rooks, which are the low comedians of the air in this region, begin to caw; and then the sun leaps above the horizon, bringing in a day of golden, breezy cheerfulness and comfort. Sometimes the twenty-four hours drift past, as if in a dream of light and shadow, fragrance and music. More than once, in a moonlit time, when there was scarce any darkness, I have lain awake all night, within a few miles of Charing Cross, listening, in sweet contentment, to the twitter of many birds, as soothing as the lapse of silver water in a woodland brook.

Elements of discontent and disturbance visible in English society are found, upon close examination, to be superficial. Underneath them there abides a sturdy, immutable, innate love of England. Such grumblings and bickerings only indicate a process by which the body politic frees itself from headaches and fevers that embarrass the national health. The Englishman and his country are one, and when the Englishman complains against his country it is not because he believes that there is or can be found a better country elsewhere, but because his instinct of justice and order makes him crave perfection in his own. Institutions and principles with him are paramount to individuals, and individuals only possess importance, and that conditional on abiding rectitude, who are their representatives. Everything is done in England to promote the permanence and beauty of the home, and the permanence and beauty of the home, by a natural reaction, augment, in the English people, solidity of character and peace of life. They do not dwell in a perpetual fret and

fume as to the acts, thoughts, and words of other nations: for the English there is little or no public opinion outside of their own land: they do not live for the sake of working, but they work for the sake of living; and, as the necessary preparations for living have long been completed, their country is as much at rest as it is possible for any country to be. That is the secret of England's continuous, all-pervading charm for the stranger,—the charm to soothe.

The efficacy of endeavoring to make a country a united, comfortable, and beautiful home for all of its inhabitants, binding every heart to the land by the same tie that binds every heart to the fireside, is something well worthy to be considered, equally by the practical statesman and the contemplative observer. That way, assuredly, lie the welfare of the human race and all the tranquillity that human nature,—warped as it is by the evil that only too sadly shows itself in every day's record of vice and crime,—will ever permit to the world. This endeavor has, through ages, been steadily pur-

sued in England, and one of its results, which is also one of its indications, is the vast accumulation of home treasures in the city of London. The mere enumeration of them would fill large volumes. The description of them could not be completed in a lifetime. It was this copiousness of historic wealth and poetic association, combined with the flavor of character and the sentiment of repose, that bound the sturdy Dr. Johnson to Fleet Street and made the gentle Charles Lamb an inveterate lover of the town. Except it be to correct insular narrowness, there can be no need that the Londoner should travel. Glorious sights, indeed, await him, if he journeys no further away than Paris; but, aside from ostentation, luxury, gaiety, and excitement, Paris will give him nothing that he cannot find at home. The great Cathedral of Notre Dame will awe him; but not more than his own Westminster Abbey. The grandeur and beauty of the Madeleine will enchant him; but not more than the massive solemnity and stupendous magnificence of St. Paul's. The embankments of the Seine will

satisfy his taste with their symmetrical solidity; but he will not deem them superior to the embankments of the Thames. The Pantheon, the Hôtel des Invalides, the Luxembourg, the Louvre, the Tribunal of Commerce, the Opera House,—all these will dazzle and delight his eyes, arousing his remembrances of history and firing his imagination of great events and persons; but all these will fail to displace in his esteem the grand Palace of Westminster, so stately in its simplicity, so winning in its grace! He will ride through the exquisite Park of Monceau, one of the loveliest spots in Paris, and onward to the Bois de Boulogne, with its pomp of foliage, its romantic green vistas, its many winding avenues, its hillside hermitage, its cascades, and its affluent lakes, whereon the white swans beat the water with their joyous wings; but still his soul will turn, with unshaken love and loyal preference, to the sweetly sylvan solitude of the gardens of Kensington and Kew. He will marvel in the museums of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and Cluny, and, possibly, he will concede that of paintings, whether

ancient or modern, the French display is more imposing than the English; but he will vaunt the British Museum as peerless in all the world, and he will prize his National Gallery, with its originals of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner, its tender, dreamy Murillos, and its dusky glories of Rembrandt. He will admire, at the Théâtre Français, the almost perfect photography characteristic of French acting; but he will reflect that English dramatic art, if it sometimes lacks finish, often creates the effect of Nature; and he will certainly perceive that the famous playhouse is not comparable with either Her Majesty's Theatre or Covent Garden. He will luxuriate in the Champs Élysées, in the superb Boulevards, in the glittering pageant of precious jewels that blazes in the Rue de la Paix and the Palais Royal, and in that gorgeous panorama of shop-windows for which the French capital is famous and unrivalled; and he will not deny that, as to brilliancy of aspect, Paris is the most radiant of cities, the sapphire in the crown of Solomon. But, when all is

seen, either that Louis the Fourteenth created or Napoleon Bonaparte pillaged, when he has taken his last walk in the gardens of the Tuileries, and, at the foot of the statue of Cæsar, mused on that titanic strife of monarchy and democracy of which France has been a continuous theatre, sated with the glitter of opulence and tired with the whirl of frivolous life, he will gladly and gratefully turn again to his sombre, mysterious, thoughtful, restful old London; and, like the Syrian captain, though in the better spirit of truth, declare that Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, are better than all the waters of Israel. I thought that life could have but few moments of content in store for me like the moment,—never to be forgotten,—when, in the heart of London, on a perfect June day, I lay upon the grass in the old Green Park, and, for the first time, looked up toward the towers of Westminster Abbey.

IV.

THE ABBEY AND THE TOWER.

THERE is so much to be seen in London that the pilgrim is perplexed by what Dr. Johnson called "the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness," and knows not where to choose. One spot to which I have many times been drawn, and which the mention of Johnson instantly calls to mind, is the stately, solemn place in Westminster Abbey where that great man's ashes are buried. Side by side, under the pavement of the minster, within a few feet of earth, sleep Johnson, Garrick, Sheridan, Henderson, Dickens, Cumberland, Argyle, and Handel. Garrick's wife is buried in the same grave with her husband. Close by, some brass letters on a little slab in the stone floor mark the resting-place of Thomas Campbell. Not far off is the sepulchre of Macaulay, and the

stroller through the nave treads upon the gravestone of that astonishing old man Thomas Parr, who, living in the reigns of nine princes, 1483-1635, is said to have reached the great age of 152 years. All parts of Westminster Abbey impress the reverential mind. It is a strange experience and full of awe suddenly to find your steps upon the tombs of such illustrious men as Burke, Pitt, Fox, and Grattan; and you come, with a thrill of more than surprise, upon such startling antiquity as the grave of Anne Neville, daughter of Warwick and Queen of King Richard the Third; but no single spot in the great cathedral can so enthrall the imagination as that strip of storied stone beneath which Garrick and his compeers rest side by side. This writer, when first he visited the Abbey, found a chair beside the grave of Johnson, and sat there to rest and muse. The letters on the stone are wearing away, but the memory of that noble champion of the pen can never perish, as long as the votaries of literature love their art and honor the valiant genius that battled, through hunger, toil, and con-

tumely, for its dignity and renown. It was a tender and right feeling that prompted the burial of Johnson close beside Garrick. They set out together to seek their fortune in the great city. They participated in the indulgence of youthful dreams of fame, in romantic ambition, in quixotic plans, and in such affectionate feeling as comrades cherish and never forget. Each found eminence in a different way, and, although measurably parted afterward by the currents of fame and wealth, they were never sundered in friendship. It was fit they should, at last, be entombed together, under the most glorious roof that greets the skies of England.

Fortune gave me an impressive first visit to the Tower of London. The sky lowered. The air was very cold. The wind blew with angry gusts. The rain fell, now and then, in a chill drizzle. The river was dark and sullen. If the spirits of the dead come back to haunt any place, they surely come back to haunt that one; and this was a day for their presence. One dark ghost seemed near, at every step,—the ominous shade of the great and lonely

THE TOWER OF LONDON

I do not like the Tower, of any place. . . .
I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

SHAKESPEARE.

Richard, Duke of Glo'ster. The little room in which the princes are said to have been murdered, by his command, was shown, and the oratory where King Henry the Sixth is supposed to have met a violent death, and the council chamber, in which Richard, after listening, in ambush behind the arras, denounced the brilliant Hastings. The latter place is now used as an armory; but the same ceiling covers it that echoed the bitter invective of Glo'ster and the rude clamor of his soldiers, when their dismayed victim was plucked forth and dragged downstairs, to be beheaded on "a timber-log" in the courtyard. The Tower is a place for such deeds, and you almost wonder that they do not happen still, in its gloomy chambers. The room in which, as most of the historians declare, the princes were killed, is particularly grisly in aspect. It is an inner room, small and dark. A grated window in one of its walls fronts a window on the other side of the passage by which you approach it. This is but a few feet from the floor. The entrance was indicated to a secret passage by which

this room was once accessible from the foot of the tower. In one gloomy stone chamber the crown jewels are exhibited, in a large glass case. One of the royal relics is a crown of velvet and gold that was made for the lovely, wretched queen, Anne Boleyn. You can pass across the courtyard and pause on the spot where that miserable woman was beheaded, and you can walk thence, over the ground that her last trembling footsteps traversed, to the round tower in which, at the close, she lived. I saw that direful chamber, in the Beauchamp tower, on the walls of which are thickly scrawled the names and emblems of prisoners who therein suffered confinement and lingering agony, nearly always ending in death; but I saw no sadder place than Anne Boleyn's tower. It seemed in the strangest way eloquent of mute suffering: it seemed to exhale grief and to plead for love and pity. Yet—what woman ever had greater love than was lavished on her? And what woman ever trampled more royally and recklessly upon human hearts?

The Tower is put to commonplace uses now, and exhibited in a commonplace manner. They use the famous White Tower,—the massive creation of Gundulf, and, among all known buildings, the most wonderful for historic, poetic, tragic association,—as a store-house for arms, and it contains about 100,000 guns, besides a large collection of old armor and weapons. The arrangement of those implements was made by J. R. Planché (b. February 27, 1796, d. May 29, 1880), the brilliant dramatic author,—eminent also, in his day, as an antiquarian and a herald. The effigies and gear of chivalry are displayed in such a way that the observer can trace the changes which war fashions have undergone through the reigns of successive sovereigns of England, from the earliest period until now. A suit of mail worn by King Henry the Eighth is shown, and also a suit worn by King Charles the First, and both figures are notably suggestive of life and character. In a room on the second floor of the White Tower they keep many gorgeous oriental weapons, and they show the cloak in which

General Wolfe died, on the Plains of Abraham. It is a gray garment, to which the active moth has given assiduous attention. The most impressive objects to be seen there, however, are the block and axe that were used in beheading the insurgent lords, Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat, after the defeat of the Pretender, in 1746. The block is made of ash, and there are large, sinister dents in it, showing that it was made for use and not for ornament. It is harmless enough now, and I was allowed to place my head upon it, in the manner prescribed for the victims of decapitation. Many of those relics and conspicuous objects of gloom have been disposed in a different way, since first they were seen by me.

An official guide, called "a beef-eater," ludicrously apparelled, in trousers trimmed with red, a dark tunic, and a low-crowned black velvet hat embellished with bows of blue and red ribbon, conducts the visitor to such parts of the Tower as are customarily shown, and drops a profusion of "h's," from point to point, together with information which some-

times is more surprising than correct. One of those worthies, innocently repeating a groundless tradition, indicated to me a little cell, on the second floor of the White Tower, as having once been occupied by that illustrious prisoner, Sir Walter Raleigh, and caused me not only to muse, but to descant in print, on the exemplary fortitude of the man who could endure, in that sombre solitude, a captivity of many years, and turn it to the best result by writing his quaint, philosophic, eloquent, astonishing fragment, the "History of the World." Raleigh, in fact, was never imprisoned in the White Tower, and the best testimony is that his "History" was written during his residence in the Bloody Tower and in the Garden House. Dixon's fascinating book on the subject of the famous fortress mentions that he was four times imprisoned: first, in the Brick Tower; second, in the Bloody Tower; third, in the same, till moved to the Garden House; and fourth, in the Wardrobe Tower, till moved thence to the Brick Tower,—from which he went to the block, in Palace Yard.

The centre of what was once the Tower Green is marked with a brass plate, naming Anne Boleyn and giving the date when she was there beheaded. They found her body in an elm-wood box, made to hold arrows, and it now rests, with the ashes of other noble sufferers, under the stones of the church of St. Peter, about fifty feet from the place of execution. The ghost of Anne Boleyn is said to haunt that part of the Tower where she was imprisoned, and it is likewise whispered that the spectre of Lady Jane Grey (1537-1554) has been seen, on the anniversary of the day of her execution, to glide out upon a balcony adjacent to the room in which she lodged during nearly eight months, at the last of her wasted, unfortunate, gentle life. A window of that room,—in a house which was then the abode of Thomas Brydges, brother and deputy of Sir John Brydges, Lieutenant of the Tower,—commands an unobstructed view of the Tower Green, the place of the block, and looking from that window, on the morning of the day appointed for her execu-

tion, the saintly girl saw her boy husband, Guilford Dudley, led away to his death, and presently also she saw the cart, containing his dead body. English history relates many sad stories, but few as sad as that of Lady Jane Grey. No wonder that her ghost walks. No wonder that melancholy phantoms haunt that gloomy fortress where she suffered,—the abiding monument of misery and tears. It could serve no purpose to relate the alleged particulars of those spectral visitations, but nobody doubts them,—while he is in the Tower. It is a place of mystery and horror, notwithstanding all that the practical spirit of To-day has done to make it trivial and to cheapen its grim glories by association with the commonplace.

V.

LITERARY SHRINES OF LONDON.

The mind that can reverence historic associations needs no explanation of the charm that such associations possess. There are streets and houses in London which, for pilgrims of this class, are haunted with memories and hallowed with an imperishable light that not even the dreary commonness of everyday life can quench or dim. Almost every great author in English literature has here left some personal trace, some relic that brings you at once into his living presence. In the time of Shakespeare,—of whom it should be noted that, wherever found, he is found in elegant neighborhoods,—Aldersgate was a secluded, peaceful quarter of the town, and there the poet had his residence, convenient to the theatre in Blackfriars, in which he owned a share. It

is said that he dwelt at No. 134 Aldersgate Street (the house was long ago demolished) and in that region, amid all the din of traffic and all the discordant adjuncts of a new age, those who love him are in his company. Milton was born in a court adjacent to Bread Street, Cheapside, and the explorer comes upon him as a resident in St. Bride's churchyard,—where the poet Lovelace was buried,—and at No. 19 York Street, Westminster,—in later times occupied by Jeremy Bentham and by William Hazlitt. When secretary to Cromwell he lived in Scotland Yard, now the headquarters of the London police. His last home was in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, but the visitor to that spot finds it covered by the Artillery barracks. Walking through King Street, Westminster, you will not forget the great poet Edmund Spenser, who, a victim to barbarity, died there, in destitution and grief. Ben Jonson's terse record of that calamity says: "The Irish having robbed Spenser's goods and burnt his house and a little child new-born, he and his wife

escaped, and after he died, for lack of bread, in King Street." Ben Jonson is closely associated with places that can still be seen. He passed his boyhood near Charing Cross,—having been born in Hartshorn Lane, now Northumberland Street; he attended the parish school of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; and persons who roam about Lincoln's Inn will call to mind that he helped to build it,—a trowel in one hand and a volume of Horace in the other. His residence, in his day of fame, was outside the Temple Bar, but all that neighborhood is new.

The Mermaid,—which Jonson frequented, in companionship with Shakespeare, Fletcher, Herrick, Chapman, and Donne,—was in Bread Street, but no trace of it remains, and a banking house stands now on the site of the old Devil Tavern, in Fleet Street, a room in which, called "The Apollo," was the trysting place of the Club of which he was the founder. The famous inscription, "O, rare Ben Jonson!" is three times cut in the Abbey; once in Poets' Corner and twice in the north aisle, where he

was buried,—a little slab in the pavement marking his grave. Dryden once dwelt in a quaint, narrow house, in Fetter Lane,—the street in which Dean Swift has placed the home of *Gulliver,* and where the famous Doomsday Book was kept,—but, later, he removed to a finer dwelling, in Gerrard Street, Soho, which was the scene of his death. (The house in Fetter Lane was torn down in 1891.) Edmund Burke's house, also in Gerrard Street, is a beer-shop, but the memory of the great orator hallows the abode, and an inscription upon it proudly announces that here he lived. Dr. Johnson's house, in Gough Square, bears (or bore) a mural tablet, and standing at its time-worn threshold, the visitor needed no effort of fancy to picture that uncouth figure shambling through the crooked lanes that afford access to this queer, sombre, melancholy retreat. In that house he wrote the first Dictionary of the English Language and the characteristic, memorable letter to Lord Chesterfield. The historical antiquarian society that has marked many of the literary shrines of London has

rendered a signal service. The custom of marking the houses that are associated with renowned names is, obviously, a good one, because it provides instruction, and also because it tends to vitalize, in the general mind, a sense of the value of honorable repute: it ought, therefore, to be everywhere adopted and followed. A house associated with Sir Joshua Reynolds and a house associated with Hogarth, both in Leicester Square, and houses associated with Benjamin Franklin and Peter the Great, in Craven Street; Sheridan, in Savile Row; Campbell, in Duke Street; Garrick, in the Adelphi Terrace; Mrs. Siddons, in Baker Street, and Michael Faraday, in Blandford Street, are only a few of the notable places which have been thus designated. More of such commemorative work remains to be done, and, doubtless, will be accomplished. The traveller would like to know in which of the houses in Buckingham Street Coleridge lodged, while he was translating "Wallenstein"; which house in Bloomsbury Square was the residence of Akenside, when he wrote "The Pleasures

of Imagination," and of Croly, when he wrote "Salathiel"; or where it was that Gray lived, when he established his residence in Russell Square, in order to be one of the first (as he continued to be one of the most constant) students at the then newly opened British Museum (1759). The room that Reynolds occupied as a studio is an auction mart now. The stairs leading to it, which are made of stone, are much worn, but they remain as they were in old times, when, as can be imagined, the admirable painter's friends, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and Boswell, walked on them, in many a festive night. These records, and such as these, may seem trivialities, but Nature has denied an unfailing source of innocent pleasure to the person who can feel no interest in them. For my part, when rambling in Fleet Street it is a special delight to remember even so little an incident as that recorded of the author of the "Elegy,"—that he once saw there his contemptuous critic, Dr. Johnson, shambling along the sidewalk, and murmured to a companion, "Here comes Ursa Major."

For true lovers of literature "Ursa Major" walks oftener in Fleet Street to-day than any living man.

A good leading thread of literary research might be profitably followed by the student who should trace the footsteps of all the poets, dead and gone, that have held, in England, the office of laureate. John Kay was laureate in the reign of King Edward the Fourth; Andrew Bernard in that of King Henry the Seventh; John Skelton in that of King Henry the Eighth, and Edmund Spenser in that of Queen Elizabeth. Since then the succession has included the names of Samuel Daniel, Michael Drayton, Ben Jonson, Sir William Davenant, John Dryden, Thomas Shadwell, Nahum Tate, Nicholas Rowe, Lawrence Eusden, Colley Cibber, William Whitehead, Thomas Warton, Henry James Pye, Robert Southey, William Wordsworth, and Alfred Tennyson. Most of those bards were intimately associated with London, and several of them are buried in the Abbey. It is, indeed, because so many storied names are written upon gravestones that the

explorer of the old churches of London finds in them so rich a harvest of instructive association and elevating thought. Few persons visit them, and you are likely to find yourself comparatively alone, in rambles of this kind. I went one morning into St. Martin's,—once "in-the-fields," now at the busy centre of the city,—and found there only a pew-opener, preparing for the service, and an organist, practicing music. It is a beautiful structure, with graceful spire and with columns of weather-beaten, gray stone, curiously stained with streaks of black, and it is almost as famous for theatrical names as St. Paul's, Covent Garden, or St. George's, Bloomsbury, or St. Clement Danes. There, in a vault beneath the church, was buried the bewitching, generous Nell Gwynn; there is the grave of James Smith, joint author with his brother Horace,—who was buried at Tunbridge Wells,—of "The Rejected Addresses"; there rests Richard Yates, the original *Sir Oliver Surface;* and there were laid the ashes of the romantic Mrs. Centlivre, and of George Farquhar, whom neither youth,

genius, patient labor, nor sterling achievement could save from a life of misfortune and an untimely, piteous death. A cheerier association of this church is with the poet Thomas Moore, who was there married. At St. Giles's-in-the-Fields are the graves of George Chapman, who translated Homer; Andrew Marvel, who wrote such lovely lyrics; Rich, the manager, who brought out "The Beggar's Opera," and James Shirley, the fine dramatist and poet, whose immortal couplet has often been murmured in such solemn haunts as these:

> Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Shirley was one of the most fertile, accomplished, admirable, and admired of writers, during the greater part of his life (1596-1666), and the study of his writing amply rewards the diligence of the student. His plays, about forty in number, of which "The Traitor" is deemed the best tragedy and "The Lady of Pleasure" the best comedy, comprehend a wide variety of subject and exhibit refinement,

deep feeling, and sustained fluency of graceful expression. His name is associated with St. Albans, where he dwelt as a school-teacher, and, in London, with Gray's Inn, where at one time he resided. When the Royal cause had been lost and the Puritan rule was predominant, he fell into poverty and was compelled to revert to the distasteful occupation of teaching: his school was in Whitefriars. In 1666, after the Restoration, he was resident in or near Fleet Street, and his home was one of the many dwellings that were destroyed in the great fire. Then he fled, with his wife (she was the second of his spouses), into the parish of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, where, overcome with grief and terror, they both died, within twenty-four hours of each other, and they were buried in the same grave.

It is a breezy, slate-colored evening, in July. I look from the window of a London house that fronts a spacious park. Those great elms, which in their wealth of foliage and irregular and pompous expanse of limb are so luxuriant, stately, and picturesque, fill the

prospect, and nod and murmur in the wind. Through a rift in their heavy-laden boughs is visible a long vista of green field, in which many children are at play. Their happy laughter and the rustle of leaves, with now and then the click of a horse's hoofs upon the road near by, make up the music of this hallowed hour. The sky is a little overcast, but not gloomy. As I muse upon this delicious scene the darkness slowly gathers, the stars come out, and presently the moon rises, and blanches the meadow with silver light. Thus the poets of England were environed when in life, and thus are hallowed now their shrines of remembrance.

VI.

THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

The American traveller who, having been a careful, interested reader of English history, visits London for the first time, half expects to find the ancient city in a state of mild decay, and, consequently, he is a little startled at first upon realizing that the present is as vital as ever the past was, and that London antiquity is, in fact, swathed in the robes of everyday action and very much alive. When, for example, you enter Westminster Hall you are beneath one of the most glorious canopies in the world, one that was built by King Richard the Second, whose grave, chosen by himself, is in the Abbey, across the street from where you stand. But this old hall is now only a vestibule to the Palace of Westminster. The Lords and the Commons of

England, on their way to the Halls of Parliament, pass over the spot on which King Charles the First was condemned to death, and on which occurred the famous trial of Warren Hastings. It is only a thoroughfare, glorious though it be, alike in structure and historic renown. In Bishopsgate Street stands Crosby Place,—the same to which, in Shakespeare's tragedy of "Richard III.," the *Duke of Glo'ster* requests the retirement of *Lady Anne*. It is a restaurant now, and you can dine in the veritable throne-room of King Richard. The house of Cardinal Wolsey, in Fleet Street, has become a shop. To-day makes use of yesterday, all the world over.

Those persons who, every day during the Parliamentary session, see the Mace that is borne through the lobby of the House of Commons, although they are obliged, on every occasion, to uncover as it passes, do not, apparently, view that symbol with particular interest. The House of Commons has had three Maces. The first one,—the one that Cromwell contemned, when he dissolved the Parliament, exclaiming,

CROSBY PLACE, LONDON

As in the pathway of the Past we stray
Where History strews memorials all the way
Strange, haunted places oftentimes we find
That stir the fancy and impress the mind:
Here moody Richard dwelt, and here remain
Some last faint traces of his stormy reign.

"Take away that bauble!"—disappeared, after the judicial slaughter of King Charles the First. The Cromwell Mace was carried to the island of Jamaica, and it is there preserved,—in a museum, at Kingston. The Mace now used is the third. I saw it, one day, on its passage to the House of Commons, and was glad to remove the hat of respect to what it signifies,—the majesty of the free people of England. The Speaker of the House was walking behind it, very grand in his wig and gown, and the members trooped in at his heels to secure their places by being present at the opening prayer. A little later I was provided with a seat, in a dim corner, of that celebrated chamber, and could observe at ease that assemblage of the popular representatives and their management of the public business. The Speaker was on his throne; the Mace was on the table in front of him; the hats of the Commons were on their heads; and over that singular, animated scene the waning light of a summer afternoon poured softly down, through the high, pictured windows of one of the most sym-

metrical halls in the world. It was a lively day. Curiosity on the part of the Opposition and a respectful incertitude on the part of Her Majesty's ministers were the prevailing conditions. I had not before heard so many questions asked, save in study of French grammar,—and asked to so little purpose. Everybody wanted to know, and nobody wanted to tell. Each inquirer took off his hat when he rose to ask, and put it on when he sat down to be answered. Each governmental sphinx bared his brow when he emerged to divulge, and covered it again when he subsided without divulging. The superficial respect of these interlocutors for each other steadily remained, however, of the most deferential description, so that,—without discourtesy,—it was impossible not to think of Byron's "mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." Underneath that velvet manner the observer could readily discern the fires of passion and strong antagonism.

They make no parade in the House of Commons; they attend to their business; and upon every topic that is brought to their attention

they seem to have definite ideas, strong convictions, and settled purposes. The topic of Army Estimates, on this day, was in order, and discussion of it was continually diversified by cries of "Oh!" and of "Hear!" and of "Order!" and sometimes those cries savored more of derision than of compliment. Many persons spoke, but no person spoke well. An offhand, matter-of-fact, shambling method of speech would seem to be the fashion, in the House of Commons. I remembered the anecdote that De Quincey tells, about Sheridan and the young member who quoted Greek. It was easy to perceive how completely out of place the sophomore orator would be, in that assemblage. Britons like better to make speeches than to hear them, and they will never be slaves to bad oratory. The moment an excited, verbose member obtained the floor, and began to read a manuscript concerning the Indian Government as many as forty Commoners arose and walked out of the House,—an example which it appeared correct, as well as desirable, to follow.

Books of description have been written about the Palace of Westminster, and it well deserves celebration; but this noble edifice, while affecting by its splendor, is deficient, as yet, in the charm of historic association. It was begun in 1840 and it has been fully occupied only since 1852. The old Palace of St. James, with its low, dusky walls, its round turrets, and its fretted battlements, is more impressive, because history has freighted it with meaning, and time has made it beautiful. But the Palace of Westminster is a magnificent structure. It covers eight acres of ground, on the northern bank of the Thames; it contains eleven quadrangles and five hundred rooms; and, when its niches for statuary have been filled, it will contain two hundred and twenty-six sculptures. The statues in St. Stephen's Hall,—a superb art gallery,—are images of Selden, Hampden, Falkland, Clarendon, Somers, Walpole, Chatham, Mansfield, Burke, Fox, Pitt, and Grattan. Those of Mansfield and Grattan, in particular, indicate distinctive character and power, making you feel that they are indubi-

tably true portraits, and winning you by the charm of personality. There are also in Westminster Hall statues representing the four Georges, William and Mary, and Anne; but it is not of these you chiefly think, nor of any local, everyday object, when you stand beneath the wonderful roof of King Richard the Second. In that Hall have been enacted some of the most tragic and pathetic, and also some of the most august, scenes of English history. There, as some authorities say (while others name the Tower), King Richard the Second was deposed. There Sir Thomas More, John Fisher, and Wentworth, the great Earl of Strafford, were condemned to die. There Cromwell was installed Lord Protector of the realm of England. There occurred the trial and acquittal of the Seven Bishops,—proceedings that convulsed the nation, in the reign of King James the Second. There, with all the ancient ceremonies of chivalry, King George the Fourth was crowned. The whole vast volume of British annals is widely opened, to all studious eyes, in and around the gorgeous Palace of Westminster.

VII.

LONDON RAMBLES.

The Spirit of the Past has not power upon every mind, but those fortunate beings who can feel its spell are aware of the mysterious charm that invests certain familiar spots and objects, in all old cities. London, to observers of this class, is a never-ending delight. Modern cities denote a definite, conventional design. Their main avenues are parallel. Their shorter streets bisect their main avenues. They are diversified with circles and squares. Their configuration suggests the utilitarian forethought of the land-surveyor and civil engineer. The ancient British capital, on the contrary, is the expression, slowly and often capriciously made, of many thousands of characters. It is a city that has happened, and the stroller through the old part of it comes continually

upon eccentric alleys, courts, and nooks. Not far from Drury Lane, hidden in a clump of dingy houses, is a dismal little graveyard, the same that Dickens chose, in his novel of "Bleak House," as the sepulchre of little *Jo's* friend, the first love of the unfortunate *Lady Dedlock*. It is a doleful spot, draped in the faded robes of sorrow, and crowded into the twilight of obscurity by the thick-clustering habitations of men. (This place has been renovated since 1877, and it is no longer the civic blemish that once it was.) Such sombre nooks are not infrequently found in London, and indeed the old city, notwithstanding all its opulence and vigorous life, often impresses you as densely invested with an atmosphere of dark, sad, lamentable human experience. Walking alone, in ancient quarters of it, after midnight, I was aware of the oppressive sense of tragedies that have been acted and misery that has been endured in its dusky streets and melancholy houses. They, surely, do not err who think that the spiritual life of man leaves its influence in the physical objects by which

he is surrounded. Night-walks in London will teach that, if they teach nothing else. I went more than once into Brooke Street, Holborn, and traced the desolate footsteps of poor Thomas Chatterton to the scene of his agonized, pathetic, deplorable death. It is more than a century (1770) since that "marvellous boy" was driven to suicide by neglect, penury, and despair. They have torn down the houses on one side of Brooke Street; it is doubtful which house was No. 4, in the attic of which Chatterton died, and doubtful whether it remains: his grave,—a pauper's grave, that was made in a workhouse burial-ground, in Shoe Lane, long since obliterated,—is unknown; but his presence hovers about that region, his strange, touching story tinges its commonness with the moonlight of romance, and his name is blended with it forever. On another night I walked from St. James's Palace to Whitehall, the York Place of Cardinal Wolsey, and viewed the ground that King Charles the First traversed, on his way to the scaffold. The story of the slaughter of that king, always sorrowful

to remember, is very grievous to consider, when you realize, upon the actual scene of his ordeal and death, his exalted fortitude and his bitter agony. It seemed as if I could almost hear his voice, as it sounded on that fateful morning, asking that his body might be more warmly clad, lest, in the cold January air, he should shiver, and so, before the eyes of his enemies, should seem to be trembling with fear. It is recorded that the Puritan authorities, having brought that poor man to the place of execution, kept him in suspense from early morning till after two o'clock in the day, while they debated over a proposition to spare his life,—upon any condition they might choose to make,—that had been sent to them by his son, Prince Charles. Old persons were alive in London, not very long ago, who remembered having seen, in their childhood, the window, in the Whitehall Banqueting House,—now a Chapel Royal and all that remains of the ancient palace,—through which the doomed monarch came forth to the block. It was long ago walled up, and the Palace has undergone

much alteration since the days of the Stuarts. In the rear of Whitehall stands a bronze statue of King James the Second by Roubiliac (whose marbles are numerous, in the Abbey and elsewhere in London, and whose grave is in the church of St. Martin's), one of the most graceful works of that spirited sculptor. The figure is finely modelled. The face is dejected. The right hand points, with a truncheon, toward the earth. It is impossible to mistake the melancholy meaning of this memorial; and equally it is impossible to walk without both thought that instructs and emotion that elevates through a city which thus abounds with traces of momentous incident and representative experience.

The literary pilgrim in London possesses this double advantage,—that while he communes with the past he can enjoy in the present. Yesterday and to-day are commingled. When you turn from Roubiliac's statue of King James your gaze rests upon the house of Disraeli. If you walk in Whitehall, toward the Palace of Westminster, some friend may chance to tell you how the great Duke of

Wellington walked there, in the feebleness of his age, from the Horse Guards to the House of Lords, and with what complacency the old warrior would boast of his skill in threading a crowded thoroughfare,—unaware that the police, acting by particular command, protected his venerable person from errant cabs and pushing pedestrians. As I strolled, one day, past Lambeth Palace it happened that the gates of it were suddenly unclosed and that His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury came forth, on horseback, from that episcopal residence, and ambled away toward the House of Lords. It is the same arched portal through which, in other days, passed out the stately train of Wolsey. It is the same towered palace that Queen Elizabeth looked upon, as her barge swept past, on its watery track to Richmond. It is forever associated with the memory of Thomas Cromwell. In the church, hard by, rest the ashes of men distinguished in the most diverse directions,—Jackson, the clown, and Tenison, the archbishop,—the "honest, prudent, laborious, and benevolent" pri-

mate of King William the Third, who was thought worthy to succeed in office the illustrious Tillotson. The cure of souls is sought there with as vigorous energy as when Tillotson wooed by his goodness and charmed by his winning eloquence.

A few miles distant from Lambeth you come upon the college at Dulwich that Edward Alleyn founded, in the time of Shakespeare, and that still subsists, upon the old actor's endowment. It is said that Alleyn,—who was a man of fortune, and whom a contemporary epigram styles the best actor of his day,—gained the most of his money by the exhibition of bears; but, howsoever gained, he made a good use of it. His tomb is in the centre of the college. There can be seen one of the most interesting picture-galleries in England. One of the cherished paintings in that collection is the famous portrait, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,—remarkable for its color, and splendidly expositive of the boldness of feature, brilliancy of countenance, and stately grace of

demeanor for which its original was distinguished. Another represents two renowned beauties of their day, the Linley sisters, who became Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickel. You do not wonder, as you look on those fair faces, sparkling with health, arch with merriment, and sweet with sensibility, that Sheridan should have fought duels for such a prize as the lady of his love, or that those fascinating creatures, favored alike by the Graces and the Muse, should, in their gentle lives, have been, "like Juno's swans, coupled and inseparable." Mary, Mrs. Tickel, died first, and Moore, in his "Life of Sheridan," has preserved a tender and eloquent elegy for her, written by Eliza, Mrs. Sheridan:

> Shall all the wisdom of the world combined
> Erase thy image, Mary, from my mind,
> Or bid me hope from others to receive
> The fond affection thou alone couldst give?
> Ah, no, my best belov'd, thou still shalt be
> My friend, my sister, all the world to me!

Precious also among the gems of the Dulwich gallery are excellent specimens of the

dreamy style of Murillo. The pilgrim passes on, by a short drive, to Sydenham, and dines at the Crystal Palace, and still he finds the faces of the past and the present strangely confronted. Nothing could be more aptly representative of the practical, ostentatious spirit of To-day than is that enormous, opulent, glittering structure, called by Thackeray's Irish celebrant a "palace made of windows": yet I saw there the carriage which Napoleon Bonaparte used, at St. Helena,—a vehicle as sombre as were the broken fortunes of its death-stricken master,—and, sitting at a table close by, I saw the son of Bonaparte's impetuous champion, William Hazlitt.

It was a gray and misty evening, when I beheld those sights. The plains below the palace terraces were veiled in shadow, through which, here and there, twinkled the lights of some peaceful villa. Far away the spires and domes of London, dimly seen, pierced the city's nightly pall of smoke. It was a dream too sweet to last. It ended when all the illuminations were burnt out, when the myriads of red

and green and yellow stars had fallen, and all the silver fountains had ceased to play.

No person can realize, without experience, the number and variety of pleasures accessible to the resident of London. These may not be piquant to him who has them always within his reach: I met with residents of the British capital who had always intended to visit the Tower, but had never done so: but to the stranger they possess a constant, keen fascination. The Derby in 1877 was thought to be, comparatively, a tame race, but one spectator, who saw it from the top of the grand stand, thought that the scene it presented was wonderfully brilliant. The sky had been overcast with dull clouds till the moment when the race was won; but just as Archer, rising in his saddle, seemed to lift his horse forward to gain the goal alone, the sun burst forth and shed upon the downs a sheen of gold, and lit up all the distant hills and all the far-stretching roads that wind away from the region of Epsom like threads of silver through the green, and carrier-pigeons were instantly launched off to London, with the

news of the victory of "Silvio." There was one winner on the grand stand who had laid bets on "Silvio," for no other reason than because that horse bore the prettiest name in the list. This allurement is annual, but many others are almost perennial. Greenwich, with its white-bait dinner, invites the epicure during the best part of the London season. A favorite tavern is the Trafalgar, in which each room is named after some magnate of the old British navy, and Nelson, Hardy, and Rodney are household words. Another cheery place of resort is The Ship. The Hospitals are at Greenwich, buildings that Dr. Johnson thought to be too fine for a charity,—and back of these, which are ordinary, in comparison with modern structures erected for a kindred purpose, stands the famous Observatory that keeps time for Europe. That place is hallowed also by the grave of Clive and by that of Wolfe,—to the latter of whom there is a monument in Westminster Abbey. Greenwich makes you think of Queen Elizabeth, who was born there, who often held her court there, and who often

sailed thence, in her barge, up the river, to Richmond,—her favorite retreat and the scene of her last days and her pathetic death. Few spots can compare with Richmond, in brilliancy of landscape. That place, the Shene of old times, was long a royal residence. The woods and meadows that you see from the terrace of the Star and Garter tavern,—spread upon a rolling plain, as far as the eye can reach,—sparkle like emeralds, and the Thames, dotted with little, toy-like boats, shines with the deep lustre of burnished jet. Richmond, for those who honor genius and who love to walk in the footsteps of renown, is full of interest. Dean Swift once had a house there, the site of which is still indicated. Pope's home was in the adjacent village of Twickenham, where it can still be seen. The poet Thomson long resided at Richmond, in a house now used as an hospital, and there he died. Edmund Kean and Anna Maria Yates rest beneath Richmond church, and there also are the ashes of Thomson. As I drove through the sweetly sylvan Park of Richmond, in the

late afternoon of a breezy summer day, and heard the whispering of the great elms, and saw the gentle, trustful deer couched at ease in the golden glades, I thought of the tender lament of Collins,—which is now a prophecy fulfilled:

> Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
> When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
> And oft suspend the dashing oar,
> To bid his gentle spirit rest.

VIII.

A GLIMPSE OF WINDSOR.

If the beauty of England were only superficial it would produce only a superficial effect; it would cause a passing pleasure and would be forgotten. It certainly would not,—as now, in fact, it does,—inspire a deep, joyous, serene, grateful contentment, and linger in the mind, a gracious and beneficent remembrance. The conquering and lasting potency of it resides not alone in loveliness of expression but in loveliness of character. Having first greatly blessed the British Islands with the natural advantages of position, climate, soil, and products, Nature has wrought their development and adornment as a necessary consequence of the spirit of their inhabitants. The picturesque variety and pastoral repose of the English landscape spring, in a considerable

measure, from the imaginative taste and the gentleness of the English people. The state of the country, like its social constitution, flows from principles within, which are constantly suggested, and it steadily comforts and nourishes the mind with a sense of kindly feeling, moral rectitude, solidity, and permanence. Thus in the peculiar beauty of England the ideal is made the actual, is expressed in things more than in words, and in things by which words are transcended. Milton's "L'Allegro," fine as it is, is not as fine as the scenery—the crystallized, embodied poetry—out of which it arose. All the delicious rural verse that has been written in England is only the excess or superflux of her poetic opulence: it has rippled from the hearts of her poets, even as the fragrance floats away from her hawthorn hedges. At every step of his progress the pilgrim through English scenes is impressed by this sovereign excellence of the accomplished fact, as contrasted with any words that can be said in its celebration.

Among representative scenes that are elo-

WINDSOR CASTLE—THE EAST TERRACE

Of Windsor's height th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way.

quent with this instructive meaning—scenes easily and pleasurably accessible to the traveller—is the region of Windsor. The charm that it exercises can only be suggested. To see Windsor, moreover, is to comprehend, as at a glance, the old feudal system, and to feel, in a profound and special way, the pomp of English character and history. More than this: it is to rise to the ennobling serenity that accompanies broad, retrospective contemplation of the current of human affairs. In this quaint, decorous town, nestled at the base of that mighty and magnificent castle which has been the home of princes for more than five hundred years, the imaginative mind wanders over vast tracts of the past and beholds, as in a mirror, the pageants of chivalry, the coronations of kings, the strife of sects, the battles of armies, the schemes of statesmen, the decay of transient systems, the growth of a rational civilization, and the everlasting march of thought. Every prospect of the region intensifies this contemplative sentiment of grandeur. As you look from the castle walls your gaze comprehends

miles and miles of blooming country, sprinkled with little hamlets, wherein the stateliness of learning and rank is gracefully commingled with all that is lovely and soothing in rural life. Not far away rise the "antique towers" of Eton,

> Where grateful science still adores
> Her Henry's holy shade.

It was in Windsor Castle that her Henry was born, and there he often held his court, and it is in St. George's chapel that his ashes repose. In the dim distance stands the church of Stoke-Pogis, about which Gray habitually wandered,—

> Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade.

You recognize now a deeper significance than ever before in the "solemn stillness" of the incomparable Elegy. The luminous twilight mood of that immortal poem—its pensive reverie and solemn passion—is inherent in the scene; and you feel that it was there, and there only, that the genius of its exceptional author,

austerely gentle and severely pure, and thus in perfect harmony with its surroundings, could have been moved to that sublime strain of inspiration and eloquence. Near at hand, in the midst of your reverie, the mellow organ sounds from the chapel of St. George, where, under "fretted vault" and over "long-drawn aisle," depend the ghostly, mouldering banners of ancient knights,—as still as the bones of the monarchs that crumble in the crypt below. That church is the sepulchre of many of the kings and nobles of England. The handsome, gallant King Edward the Fourth here found his grave, and near it is that of the accomplished Hastings, his faithful friend, to the last and after. There lies the dust of the stalwart, impetuous, savage King Henry the Eighth, and there, at midnight, by the light of torches, they laid beneath the pavement the decapitated body of King Charles the First. As you stand on Windsor ramparts, pondering thus upon the storied past and the evanescence of "all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave," your eyes rest dreamily on green fields far below, through

which, under tall elms, the brimming and sparkling river flows on without a sound, and in which a few figures, dwarfed by distance, flit here and there, in seeming aimless idleness; while, warned homeward by impending sunset, the chattering birds circle and float around the lofty towers of the castle, and delicate perfumes of syringa and jasmine are wafted up from dusky, unknown depths at the base of its ivied steep. At such an hour I stood on those ramparts and saw the shy villages and rich meadows of fertile Berkshire, all red and golden with sunset light; and at such an hour I stood in the lonely cloisters of St. George's chapel, and heard the distant organ sob, and saw the sunlight fade upon the gray walls, and felt and knew the sanctity of religion. Age and death have made this church illustrious, but the spot itself has its own innate charm of mystical repose.

The drive from the front of Windsor Castle is through a broad, stately avenue, three miles in length, straight as an arrow and level as a standing pool; and this white highway

through the green, fragrant fields is sumptuously embowered, from end to end, in double rows of magnificent elms and oaks. The Windsor avenue, like the splendid chestnut grove at Bushey Park, has long been famous among the pageants of rural England. It is after leaving this that the rambler comes upon the more reclusive beauties of Windsor Park and Forest. From the far end of the avenue,—where, in a superb position, an equestrian statue of King George the Third rises, on a massive pedestal of native rock,—the road winds away, through shaded dell and verdant glade, past great, gnarled beeches and under boughs of elm and yew and oak, till its silver thread is lost in the distant woods. At intervals a devious branching pathway strays off to some secluded lodge, half hidden in foliage,—the property of the Crown, and the rural residence of some scion of the royal race. In one of those retreats dwelt poor old King George the Third, in the days of his mental darkness, and the memory of that afflicted man seems still to cast a shadow on the mysterious,

melancholy house. They show you, under glass, in one of the lodge gardens, an enormous grapevine, owned by the Crown—a vine which, from its single stalwart trunk, spreads its teeming branches, laterally, more than a hundred feet in each direction. So come use and thrift, hand in hand with romance! Many an aged oak is passed, in your progress, round which, "at still midnight," Herne the Hunter might take his ghostly prowl, shaking his chain "in a most hideous and dreadful manner." The wreck of the veritable Herne's Oak, it is said, was rooted out, together with other ancient, decayed trees, in the time of King George the Third, and in somewhat too literal fulfilment of his Majesty's misinterpreted command. Windsor Park is fourteen miles in circumference and it contains nearly four thousand acres, and many of the youngest trees that adorn it are more than one hundred and fifty years old. Far in its heart you stroll by Virginia Water,—an artificial lake, faultless in its beauty,—and perceive it to be so deep and ample that a large ship (a fine one was

there when I saw it) can navigate its wind-swept, curling billows. This lake was made by the sanguinary Duke of Cumberland, he who led the English forces, and disgraced the English arms, at Culloden. In the dim groves that fringe its margin are many nests wherein pheasants are bred, to fall by the royal shot (a coarse, not to say brutal, "sport") and to supply the royal table: those you can contemplate but not approach. At a point in the walk, sequestered and lonely, they have set up and skilfully disposed the fragments of a genuine ruined temple, brought from the remote East,—relic, perchance, of "Tadmor's marble waste," and certainly a solemn memorial of the morning twilight of time. Broken arch, storm-stained pillar, and shattered column are there shrouded with moss and ivy; and, should you chance to see them as the evening shadows deepen and the evening wind sighs mournfully in the trees and grass, your fancy will not fail to credit the perfect illusion that one of the stateliest structures of antiquity has slowly crumbled where now its fragments remain.

"Quaint" is a descriptive epithet that has been much abused, but it can, with absolute propriety, be applied to Windsor. The devious little streets there visible, and the carved and timber-crossed buildings, often of great age, are uncommonly rich in the expressiveness of imaginative character. The emotions and the fancy, equally with the sense of necessity and the instinct of use, have exercised their influence and uttered their spirit in the shaping and adornment of the town. While it constantly feeds the eye, with that pleasing irregularity of lines and forms which is so delicious and refreshing, it quite as constantly nurtures the sense of romance that ought to play so large a part in our lives, redeeming us from the tyranny of the commonplace and intensifying all the high feelings and noble aspirations that are possible to human nature. England contains many places like Windsor; some that blend in even richer amplitude the elements of quaintness and loveliness with that of magnificence. The meaning of them all is the same: that romance, beauty, and gentleness

WINDSOR CASTLE—FROM THE PARK

Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: . . .
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow
In lovely contrast to this glorious view
Calmly magnificent.

THOMSON.

are forever vital; that their forces are within our souls, and ready and eager to find their way into our thoughts, actions, and circumstances, and to brighten for every one of us the face of every day; that they ought neither to be relegated to the distant and the past nor kept for our books and day-dreams alone, but, in a calmer, higher mood than is usual in this age of critical scepticism and miscellaneous tumult, should be permitted to flow forth into our architecture, adornments, and customs, to hallow and preserve our antiquities, to soften our manners, to give us tranquillity, patience, and tolerance, to make our country lovable for ourselves, and so to enable us to bequeath it, sure of love and reverence, to succeeding ages.

IX.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

It is strange that the life of the past, in its unfamiliar remains and fading traces, should so far surpass the life of the present, in impressive force and influence. Human characteristics, although manifested under widely different conditions, were the same in old times that they are now. It is not in them, surely, that we are to seek for the mysterious charm that hallows ancient objects and the historical antiquities of the world. There is many a venerable, weather-stained church in London, at sight of which your steps falter and your thoughts take a wistful, melancholy turn, although then you may not know either who built it, or who has worshipped in it, or what dust of the dead is mouldering in its vaults. The spirit which thus instantly possesses and

controls you is not one of association, but is inherent in the place. Time's shadow on the works of man, like moonlight on a landscape, gives only graces to the view,—tingeing them the while with sombre sheen,—and leaves all blemishes in darkness. This may suggest the reason that relics of bygone years so sadly please and strangely awe us, in the passing moment; or it may be that we involuntarily contrast their apparent permanence with our evanescent mortality, and so are dejected with a sentiment of dazed helplessness and solemn grief. This sentiment it is, allied to bereaved love and a natural wish for remembrance after death, that has filled Westminster Abbey, and many another holy mausoleum, with sculptured memorials of the departed, and this, perhaps, is the subtle attraction that makes us linger beside them, "with thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls."

When the gentle angler Izaak Walton went into Westminster Abbey to see the tomb of Casaubon, he scratched his monogram on the scholar's monument, where the record, "I. W.,

1658," may still be read by the stroller in the South Aisle. A devout pilgrim might well wish to follow that example, and even thus to associate his name with the great cathedral: and not in pride, but in humble reverence. There, if anywhere, self-assertion is rebuked and human eminence set at naught. Among all the impressions that crowd upon the mind in that wonderful place that which oftenest recurs and longest remains is the impression of individual man's insignificance. This is salutary, but it is also depressing. There can be no enjoyment of the Abbey till, after much communion with the spirit of the place, your soul is soothed by its beauty rather than overwhelmed by its majesty, and your mind ceases from the vain effort to grasp and interpret its tremendous meaning. You cannot long endure, and you never can express, the sense of grandeur that is inspired by Westminster Abbey; but, when at length its shrines and tombs and statues become familiar, when its chapels, aisles, arches, and cloisters are grown companionable, and you can stroll and dream

undismayed "through rows of warriors and through walks of kings," there is no limit to the pensive memories they awaken and the gentle, poetic fancies they prompt. In that church are buried, among generations of their nobles and courtiers, fourteen monarchs of England, beginning with the Saxon Sebert and ending with George the Second. Fourteen queens rest there, and many children of the royal blood who never came to the throne. There, confronted in a haughty rivalry of solemn pomp, rise the equal tombs of Elizabeth Tudor and Mary Stuart. Queen Eleanor's dust is there, and there, too, is the dust of grim Queen Mary. In one little chapel, you can pace, with only a few steps, across the graves of King Charles the Second, King William and Queen Mary, and Queen Anne and her consort Prince George. At the tomb of King Henry the Fifth you can see the helmet, shield, and saddle that were worn by the valiant young king at Agincourt, and close by,—on the tomb of Margaret of York, daughter of King Edward the Fourth,—the sword and

shield that were borne, in royal state, before the great King Edward the Third, five hundred years ago. The princes who are said to have been murdered in the Tower are commemorated there by an altar, set up by King Charles the Second, whereon the inscription,—blandly oblivious of the incident of Cromwell,—states that it was erected in the thirtieth year of King Charles's reign. King Richard the Second, deposed and assassinated, is there entombed, and within a few feet of him are the relics of his uncle, the able and powerful Duke of Gloucester, treacherously ensnared and betrayed to death. There also, huge, rough, and gray, is the stone sarcophagus of King Edward the First, which, when opened, in 1771, disclosed the skeleton of departed majesty, still perfect, wearing robes of gold tissue and crimson velvet, and having a crown on the head and a sceptre in the hand. So sleep, in jewelled darkness and gaudy decay, what once were monarchs! And around are great lords, sainted prelates, famous statesmen, renownéd soldiers, and illustrious poets—all enshrined

POETS' CORNER—WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Who'er thou art, approach, and, with a sigh,
Mark where the small remains of greatness lie.

ROGERS.

in one of the grandest sepulchres in the world.

The interments that have been effected in and around the Abbey since the remote age of Edward the Confessor number thousands, but only about six hundred are named in the chronicles. In the South Transept, which is Poets' Corner, rest Chaucer, Spenser, Drayton, Cowley, Dryden, Beaumont, Davenant, Prior, Gay, Congreve, and Rowe. Memorials to many other poets and writers have been ranged on the adjacent walls and pillars, but these are among the authors that were buried in this place. Ben Jonson is not in Poets' Corner, but,—in an upright posture, it is said,—under the North Aisle of the Abbey. Addison was laid in the chapel of King Henry the Seventh, at the foot of the monument of Charles Montague, the great Earl of Halifax, and Bulwer in the chapel of Saint Edmund, while in St. Edward's chapel sleep Anne of Cleves, the divorced wife of King Henry the Eighth, and Anne Neville, Queen of King Richard the Third. Betterton and Spranger

Barry were buried in the cloisters, where can be read, in four little words, the most touching epitaph in the Abbey: "Jane Lister—dear child." There is no monument to either Byron, Shelley, Swift, Pope, Bolingbroke, Keats, Cowper, Moore, or Young; but Mason and Shadwell are commemorated, and Barton Booth is splendidly inurned, while hard by, in the cloisters, a place was found for Mrs. Cibber, Tom Brown, and Aphra Behn. The destinies have not always been stringently fastidious as to the admission of lodgers to that sacred ground. The pilgrim is startled by some of the names that he finds in the Abbey, and pained by reflection on the absence of some that he will seek in vain. Yet he will not fail to moralize, as he strolls in Poets' Corner, upon the inexorable justice with which time repudiates fictitious reputations and twines the laurel on only the worthiest brows. In well-nigh five hundred years of English literature there have lived not more than about one hundred and fifty poets whose names survive in any requisite compendium, and not all of those

are really known, except to exhaustive readers. It is, of course, true that, in many instances, the authentic note of enduring poetry has been sounded by some writer in only a single poem, such as that of Charles Wolfe, on "The Burial of Sir John Moore," but those stray notes are little heeded, in comparison with the organ tones of a Milton and the abundant, native, sweet, bird-like warbling of a Burns.

To muse over the literary memorials in the Abbey is also to think upon the seeming caprice of chance with which the graves of the British bards have been scattered far and wide throughout the land. Gower, Fletcher, and Massinger (to name but a few of them) rest in Southwark; Sidney and Donne in St. Paul's Cathedral; Marlowe at Deptford; Herrick at Dean Prior; Herbert at Bemerton; Horne at Margate; Drummond in Lasswade church; Dorset at Withyham, in Sussex; Waller at Beaconsfield; Wither, unmarked, in the church of the Savoy; Milton in the church of the Cripplegate; Swift at Dublin, in St. Patrick's Cathedral; Young at Welwyn; Pope at

Twickenham; Thomson at Richmond; Gray at Stoke-Pogis; Watts in Bunhill-Fields; Collins in an obscure little church at Chichester; Cowper in Dereham church; Goldsmith in the garden of the Temple; Savage at Bristol; Burns at Dumfries; Rogers in Hornsey; Crabbe at Trowbridge; Scott in Dryburgh Abbey; Coleridge at Highgate; Byron in Hucknall church, near Nottingham; Moore at Bromham; Montgomery at Sheffield; Heber at Calcutta; Southey in Crossthwaite churchyard, near Keswick; Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge side by side in the churchyard of Grasmere; and Clough at Florence,—whose passionate aspiration might here speak for all of them:

> One port, methought, alike they sought,
> One purpose held, where'er they fare:
> O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
> At last, at last, unite them there!

But it is not alone in the great Abbey that the rambler in London is impressed by poetic antiquity and touching historic association,—

always presuming that he has been a reader of English literature and that his reading has sunk into his mind. Little things, equally with great ones, commingled in a medley, luxuriant and delicious, so people the memory of such a pilgrim that all his walks will be haunted. The London of to-day (as can be seen in Macaulay's famous third chapter, and in Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel") is very little like even the London of King Charles the Second, when the great fire had destroyed eighty-nine churches and thirteen thousand houses, and when what is now Regent Street was a rural solitude in which sportsmen sometimes shot the woodcock. Yet, though much of the old capital has vanished and more of it has been changed, many remnants of its historic past exist, and many of its streets and houses are fraught with a delightful, romantic interest. It is not forgotten that sometimes the charm resides in the eyes that see, even more than in the object that is seen. The storied spots of London may not be appreciable by all who look upon them every day. The coachmen in

the region of Kensington Palace Road may neither regard, nor even notice, the house in which Thackeray lived and died. The shopkeepers of old Bond Street may, perhaps, neither know nor care that in a house in this street occurred the woeful death-scene of Laurence Sterne. The Bow Street officers are quite unlikely to think of Will's Coffee House and Dryden, or Button's and Addison, as they pass the sites of those vanished haunts of wit and fashion in the days of Queen Anne. The lounger through Berkeley Square, when perchance he pauses at the corner of Bruton Street, will not discern Colley Cibber, in wig and ruffles, standing at the parlor window and drumming with his hands on the frame. The casual passenger, halting at the Tavistock, will not remember that this was once Macklin's Ordinary, and so conjure up the iron visage and ferocious aspect of the first great *Shylock* of the stage, formally obsequious to his guests, or striving to edify them, despite the banter of the volatile Foote, with discourse upon "the Causes of Duelling in Ireland."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones! . . .
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings.

BEAUMONT.

The Barbican does not, to every one, summon the austere memory of Milton, nor Holborn raise the melancholy shade of Chatterton, nor Tower Hill arouse the gloomy ghost of Otway, nor Hampstead lure forth the sunny figure of Steele and the passionate face of Keats, nor old Northampton Street suggest the burly presence of "rare Ben Jonson," nor opulent Kensington revive the stately head of Addison, nor a certain window in Wellington Street reveal, in fancy's picture, the rugged lineaments and splendid eyes of Dickens. Yet London never disappoints; and for him who knows and feels its history those associations, and hundreds like to them, make it populous with noble or strange or pathetic figures, and diversify the aspect of its vital present with pictures of an equally vital past. Such a wanderer discovers that in this vast capital there is no end to the themes that are to stir his imagination, touch his heart, and broaden his mind. Soothed by the equable English climate and the lovely English scenery, he is aware now of an influence in the solid English city

that turns his intellectual life to perfect tranquillity. He stands amid superb memorials of heroic achievement; he comprehends the sum of all that is possible to human thought, passion, and labor, and then,—high over mighty London, above the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, piercing the clouds, greeting the sun, drawing into itself all the tremendous life of the great city and all the meaning of its past and present,—he views the sacred symbol of civilization, the golden cross of Christ.

X.

OLD CHURCHES OF LONDON.

Sight-seeing, merely for its own sake, is not to be commended. Hundreds of persons roam through the storied places of England, carrying away nothing but the sense of travel. It is not the spectacle that benefits, but the meaning of the spectacle. In the great temples of religion, in those wonderful cathedrals that are the glory of the Old World, we ought to feel not merely the physical beauty but the perfect, illimitable faith, the passionate, incessant devotion, which alone made them possible. The cold intellect of a sceptical age could never create such a majestic cathedral as that of Canterbury. Not till the pilgrim feels this truth has he really learned the lesson of such places,—to keep alive in his heart the capacity of self-sacrifice, of toil and of tears, for the

grandeur and beauty of the spiritual life. At the tombs of great men we ought to feel something more than a consciousness of the crumbling clay that moulders within,—something more, even, than knowledge of their memorable words and deeds: we ought, as we ponder on the certainty of death and the evanescence of earthly things, to realize that art at least is permanent, and that no creature can be better employed than in noble effort to make the soul worthy of immortality. The relics of the past, contemplated merely because they are relics, are nothing. You might well grow weary, in the monotonous contemplation of ruins and of graves, and long for endless roses and to look upon the face of childhood, the ocean, and the stars. But that revulsion of feeling will not occur if the significance of the past is truly within your sympathy; if you perceive its associations as feeling equally with knowledge; if you truly know that its lessons are not of death but of life. To-day builds over the ruins of yesterday, as well in the soul of man as on the vanishing cities that

mark his course. There need be no regret that the present should, in this sense, obliterate the past.

Much, however, as London has changed, and constantly as it continues to change, there remain, and will continue to remain, many objects that startle and impress the sensitive mind. Through all the wide compass of the vast city, by night and day, there flows and beats a turbulent, resounding tide of activity, and throngs of trivial persons, ignorant and commonplace, tramp to and fro amid its storied antiquities, heedless of their existence. Through such surroundings, but finding here and there a sympathetic guide or a friendly suggestion, the explorer must make his way,—lonely in the crowd, and walking like one who lives in a dream. Yet he never will drift in vain through a city like this. I went one night into the cloisters of the Abbey,—that part, the South Walk, which remains accessible after the gates have been closed. The stars shone upon the blackening walls and glimmering windows of the great Cathedral; the grim,

mysterious arches were dimly lighted; the stony pathways, stretching away beneath the venerable building, seemed to lose themselves in caverns of darkness; not a sound was heard but the faint rustling of the grass upon the cloister green. Every stone there is the mark of a sepulchre; every breath of the night wind seemed the whisper of a gliding ghost. There, among the crowded graves, rest Anne Bracegirdle, in Queen Anne's reign the most brilliant female luminary of the stage; Aaron Hill; Mrs. Cibber,—of whom Garrick said, "tragedy expired with her"; Anne Crawford, who had been Mrs. Dancer and Mrs. Barry; and the once exuberant and dazzling Samuel Foote. Sitting upon the narrow ledge that was the monks' rest, I could touch, close at hand, the tomb of a mitred abbot, while at my feet was the huge slab that covers twenty-six monks of Westminster who perished by the plague, nearly six hundred years ago. It would scarcely be believed that the doors of dwellings open upon that gloomy spot; that ladies can sometimes be seen, tending flowers upon

the ledges that roof those cloister walks. Yet so it is; and in such a place, at such a time, you comprehend the self-centred, serious character of the English mind, which loves, more than anything else in the world, the privacy of august surroundings and a sombre, stately solitude. It hardly need be said that you likewise obtain there a striking sense of the force of contrast. I was again aware of this, a little later, when, seeing a dim light in St. Margaret's Church, I entered that old temple and found members of the choir at their rehearsal, and presently observed on the wall a brass plate which records that Sir Walter Raleigh was buried there, in the chancel. That inscription asks the reader to remember Raleigh's virtues as well as his faults,—a plea that every man might well wish should be made for himself at last. I thought of the verses that the old warrior-poet is said to have left in his Bible, when they led him out to die:

> Even such is Time; that takes in trust
> Our youth, our joys, our all we have,

And pays us naught but age and dust;
Which, in the dark and silent grave,

When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

St. Margaret's Church contains a window commemorative of Raleigh, which was presented by Americans, and which is inscribed with these lines, by Lowell:

The New World's sons, from England's breast we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
Proud of her past, wherefrom our future grew,
This window we inscribe with RALEIGH'S name.

It also contains a window commemorative of Caxton, presented by the printers and publishers of London, which is inscribed with these lines, by Tennyson:

Thy prayer was Light—more Light—while Time shall last.
Thou sawest a glory growing on the night,
But not the shadows which that light would cast
Till shadows vanish in the Light of Light.

INTERIOR OF ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER

The high embowéd roof
With antic pillars massy proof
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.

MILTON.

In St. Margaret's,—storied with shining names of poets and nobles,—was also buried (1529) old John Skelton, the enemy and satirist of Cardinal Wolsey and of Sir Thomas More, one of whom he described as "madde Amaleke," and the other as "dawcock doctor." Their renown has survived those terrific barbs, but, at least, this was a falcon that flew at eagles. There the poet Campbell was married, October 11, 1803. Such old churches, guarding so well their treasures of history, are, in a special sense, the traveller's blessing.

St. Giles's, Cripplegate, built by Queen Maud, in 1117, is another of those historic boons. I saw it, for the first time, on a gray, sad Sunday, a little before twilight, when a service was going on within its venerable walls, and often since I have lingered and meditated at its solemn shrine. The footsteps of Milton were sometimes on the threshold of the Cripplegate, and in that ancient church he was buried, in 1674. The exact position of the great poet's grave appears to be unknown. Tradition has always declared that it was beneath the clerk's

reading desk,—in the chancel,—as that desk stood in Milton's time. The janitor of St. Giles's, on the occasion of one of my visits, was a woman, and she indicated to me an inscribed stone, in the pavement of the nave, as being the slab that formerly marked the spot of Milton's interment, saying, however, that this mark had been moved to a place about twelve feet from its original position, and that the poet's grave was believed to be under the floor of a pew, on the left of the central aisle,—as you face toward the altar,—about the middle of the church. It is related, and perhaps the story is true, that, in the month of August, 1790, the remains of Milton were disinterred, that the coffin was opened, and that vandals wishful to obtain relics, for sale, took from it pieces of bone and bits of hair. Profanation of the grave of somebody certainly did then occur, but, according to a well reasoned argument made by the Shakespearean commentator, George Steevens,—who published a paper on the subject, at the time of the occurrence,—the remains were not those of the poet. Among the vari-

ST. GILES'S CHURCH, CRIPPLEGATE

Blest in its sacred use, and doubly blest

ous monuments in the church,—some of them bearing remarkably quaint inscriptions,—there is a fine marble bust of Milton, made by the sculptor John Bacon (1740-1799), and it is stated, by way of enhancing its interest for the visitor, that King George the Third came to the sanctuary to see it. That memorial is inscribed:

> JOHN MILTON. AUTHOR OF "PARADISE LOST."
> BORN, DECEMBER, 1608, DIED, NOVEMBER, 1674.
> HIS FATHER, JOHN MILTON, DIED, MARCH, 1664.
> THEY WERE BOTH INTERRED IN THIS CHURCH.

From Golden Lane, where the poet lived, you can see the towers of St. Giles's, and, as you walk from the place of his abode to the place of his burial, you seem, with solemn, awe-stricken emotion, to be actually following in his funeral train. The adjacent churchyard, an irregularly shaped, sequestered, lonesome bit of grassy ground, teeming with monuments, and hemmed in by houses, terminates, at one end, in a piece of the old Roman wall of London (A.D. 306), an adamantine fabric of cemented flints, which has lasted from the days

of Constantine, and which bids fair to last forever. The tomb of Richard Pendrell, who managed the escape of King Charles the Second, after the battle of Worcester, in 1651, is in that churchyard,—a place ever since July 8, 1891, open as a park, or garden, for public recreation. I shall always remember that strange nook, with the golden light of a summer morning shining upon it, the birds twittering among its graves, and all around it such an atmosphere of solitude and rest as made it seem, though in the heart of a great city, a thousand miles from any haunt of man. Cromwell was married in St. Giles's church. I remembered, as I stood before the altar and conjured up that golden scene of his joy and hope, the place of the Lord Protector's coronation, in Westminster Hall; the place, still marked, in the Abbey, where his body was buried; and the wall on which his mutilated corpse was exposed to the obloquy of the fickle populace. A very little time suffices to assemble equally the happiness and the anguish, the conquest and the defeat, the great-

ness and the littleness of human life, and to cover them with silence.

St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, another ancient and venerable temple, once the church of the priory of the nuns of St. Helen, built in the thirteenth century (1216), contains many relics of the history of England. The priory, which adjoined it, has long since disappeared, and portions of the building have been restored, but the noble Gothic columns and the commemorative sculptures remain unchanged. There you can see the tombs of Sir John Crosby, who built Crosby Place (1466), Sir Thomas Gresham, who founded both Gresham College and the Royal Exchange in London, and Sir William Pickering, once Queen Elizabeth's Minister to Spain and one of the amorous aspirants for her royal hand; and there, in a gloomy chapel, stands the altar at which, it is said, the Duke of Glo'ster received absolution, after the disappearance of the princes in the Tower. Standing at that altar, in the cool silence of the lonely church and the waning light of afternoon, it was not difficult

to conjure up his slender, restless figure,—decked in the rich apparel that he loved, his handsome, aquiline, thoughtful face, the drooping head, the glittering eyes, the nervous hand that toyed with the dagger,—and thus the most entirely representative type of audacious ambition and defiant will that Poetry has combined with History to make immortal. Every place that Richard touched is haunted by his magnetic presence. In this church there is the tomb of a person whose will provided that the key of his sepulchre should be placed beside it, and that the door should be opened once a year, for a hundred years. It seems to have been his expectation to awake and arise, but the allotted century has passed and his bones are still quiescent.

How calmly they sleep,—the warriors and statesmen who once filled the world with the tumult of their deeds! If you go into St. Mary's, in the Temple, you will stand above the dust of the Crusaders and view the beautiful copper effigies of them, recumbent on the marble pavement, and feel and know, as perhaps you never did before, the calm that fol-

lows the tempest. St. Mary's, built in 1240, was restored in 1828. It would be difficult to find a lovelier specimen of Norman architecture, at once massive and airy, simple, yet rich with beauty in every line and scroll. There is only one other church in Great Britain, it is said, which possesses, as this one does, a circular vestibule. The stained windows, both here and at St. Helen's, are very glorious. The organ at St. Mary's was selected by Jeffreys, afterwards infamous as the wicked judge. The pilgrim who pauses to muse at the grave of Goldsmith will sometimes hear its solemn, mournful tones. I heard them thus, and thought of Johnson's tender words, when he learned that Goldsmith was dead: "Poor Goldy was wild—very wild—but he is so no more." The room in which that sweet poet died, a heart-broken man at only forty-six, was but a little way from the place of his rest. The noises of Fleet Street are heard at his grave only as a distant murmur. The birds chirp over him, the leaves flutter down upon his tomb, and every breeze that sighs around the

gray turrets of the ancient temple breathes out his requiem.

Goldsmith died (1774) at No. 2 Brick Court, Middle Temple. Various places in and near London are associated with his name. In 1757-'58 he was employed by a chemist, near Fish Street Hill. At the time when he was writing his "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe" he lived in a little square called Green Arbor Court, "over Break-neck steps," his lodging being on the top floor of a three-story house. The buildings in Green Arbor Court were eventually removed, to clear a site for the Snow Hill station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railroad. While he was writing "The Vicar of Wakefield" he dwelt at a lodging in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street. Later he occupied a lodging at Canonbury House, Islington,—in his time a rural region, but thickly settled now. In 1764 he resided in rooms in the Library Staircase of the Inner Temple.

Still another interesting old church is St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, attractive to

ST. MARGARET'S AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.

WORDSWORTH.

many travellers because the burial place of various persons notably associated with the Stage. There are laid the remains of William Mountfort, the actor, Anne Bracegirdle's lover, who was murdered by Lord Mohun, in a midnight brawl. Nathaniel Lee, called, in his day, "the mad poet," a man of fine genius, found his grave there, as also did George Powell, the tragedian, of brilliant, deplorable memory, and Hildebrand Horden, cut off by the hand of violence, in the springtime of his youth and promise. Horden was remarkable for the beauty of his person, and he seems to have possessed uncommon talent as an actor. He was stabbed to death, in a quarrel, at a tavern called The Rose, and Cibber, in his "Apology," records that contemporary feminine interest relative to the handsome actor was so great that, after his body had been laid out for burial, many women came, some masked and others openly, to view it, in the shroud. Charles Coffey, the humorous, deformed dramatist and actor, lies in the vaults of St. Clement Danes, as also does

Thomas Rymer, historiographer for King William the Third, disparager of Shakespeare, and author of the seventeen volumes of "Fœdera." In St. Clement you can see the pew in which Dr. Johnson habitually sat, when he attended divine service there. It was his favorite church. The pew is in the gallery, and to those persons who honor the passionate integrity and fervent, devout zeal of the stalwart champion of letters, it is indeed a sacred place. In our time, as in his, although the profession of literature is far more amply recognized and far more liberally rewarded now than it was then, the worker with the pen must possess readiness, versatility, large resources of invention, the capability of continuous industry, adamantine endurance, and that bravery of spirit which can and does maintain a show of cheer, however desolate the mind or sad the heart. The path of letters is not strewn with roses, and such an example as Dr. Johnson set, of toil, patience, fortitude, and fidelity, is a signal blessing to those who must walk in it.

XI.

A HAUNT OF EDMUND KEAN.

To muse over the dust of those about whom we have read so much,—the great actors, thinkers, writers, warriors, and statesmen for whom the play is ended and the lights are put out,—is to come very near to them, and to realize more deeply than ever before their close relationship with our humanity; and we ought to be wiser and better for that experience. It is good, also, to seek for the favorite haunts of our heroes, and call them up as they were in their lives. One of the happiest accidents, to me, of a London stroll, was the finding of the Harp Tavern, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, near the stage door of Drury Lane Theatre, a tavern which was an accustomed haunt of that great actor,—as he seems to be, in all the stories of him that have been trans-

mitted,—Edmund Kean. Carpenters and masons were at work upon it when I entered, and it was necessary almost to creep, amid heaps of broken mortar and rubbish, beneath their scaffolds, in order to reach the interior. There, at the end of a narrow passage, was a little room perhaps twenty feet square, with a low ceiling and a bare floor, in which Kean habitually took his pleasure, in the convivial society of fellow-actors and boon companions, long ago. A narrow, cushioned bench against the walls, a few small tables, a few chairs, several churchwarden pipes on the mantelpiece, and portraits of Disraeli and Gladstone constituted the furniture. A panelled wainscot and dingy red paper covered the walls, and some cobwebs depended from the grimy ceiling. The old room, doubtless, has been made neat and comely, but then it bore the marks of hard usage and long neglect, and it seemed all the more interesting for that reason.

Kean's seat is at the right, as you enter, and just above it a mural tablet designates the spot, which is still further commemorated

by a death-mask of the actor, placed on a little shelf of dark wood and covered with glass. No better portrait could be desired; certainly no better one exists. In life this must have been a glorious face. The eyes are large and prominent; the brow is broad and fine; the mouth is wide and, obviously, sensitive; the chin is delicate; the nose is long, well set, and indicative of immense force of character. The expression of the face commingles refinement with great and desolate sadness. Kean, as is known from the testimony of one who acted with him, was at his best in passages of pathos. To hear him speak *Othello's* Farewell was to hear the authentic language of despair. To see him when, as *The Stranger,* he listened to the song that is used in that play, was to see the absolute reality of hopeless sorrow. The mother of Jefferson, the comedian, described Edmund Kean in that way. She was a member of the company at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, when he acted there, and it was she who sang for him, in "The Stranger," the lines, by Sheridan:

I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart.

Kean could thrill his hearers in the ferocious outbursts of *Richard the Third* and *Sir Giles Overreach,* but it was in tenderness and grief that he was supremely great, and no one will marvel at that who looks upon his wonderful face,—so eloquent of self-conflict and suffering,—even in this cold, colorless mask of death. It is easy to judge and condemn the sins of weak, passionate humanity, but when we think of such creatures of genius as Kean, Byron, and Burns, we ought to consider what foes within themselves those wretched men were forced to fight, and by what agonies they expiated their vices and errors. This little tavern-room tells the whole mournful story, with death to point the moral, and pity to breathe its sigh of unavailing regret.

Many of the frequenters of the Harp, whom I met, were elderly men, whose conversation was enriched with memories of the stage and

EDMUND KEAN AS SIR GILES OVERREACH

He knew himself a villain—but he deemed
The rest no better than the thing he seem'd; . . .
He knew himself detested, and he knew
The hearts that loathed him crouched and dreaded too.

BYRON.

with knowledge and taste in literature and art. They, naturally, spoke with pride of Kean's association with their favorite resort. In that room the eccentric genius had put himself in pawn, to exact from the manager of Drury Lane Theatre the money needed to relieve the wants of a brother actor. Often his voice had been heard there, in the songs that he sang with so much feeling and such homely yet beautiful skill. In the circles of the learned and courtly, Kean was never at home: Lord Broughton, who met him, at dinner, at Holland House, records that he "ate most pertinaciously with his knife, and was a little too frequent with 'ladyships' and 'lordships' ": but at the Harp he filled the throne and ruled the kingdom of the revel, and there, no doubt, every mood of his mind, from high thought and generous emotion to misanthropical bitterness and vacant levity, found its unfettered expression. They show a broken panel in the high wainscot, which was struck and smashed by a pewter pot that he hurled at the head of a person who had given him offence; and they

relate, at the same time,—as, indeed, seems to have been emphatically true,—that he was the idol of his comrades, the first in love, pity, sympathy, and kindness, and would turn his back, for the least of them, on the nobles who sought his companionship. There is no better place than this in which to study the life of Edmund Kean. Old men have been met there who saw him on the stage, and even acted with him. The room is, or was, the weekly meeting-place and habitual nightly tryst of an ancient club, called "the City of Lushington," which has existed since the days of the Regency, and of which those persons were members.

The "City," if it still exists, has its Mayor, Sheriff, insignia, record-book, and system of ceremonials; and much of wit, frolic, and song can (or could) be enjoyed at its civic feasts. The names of its four wards,—Lunacy, Suicide, Poverty, and Juniper,—were written in the four corners of the room, and whoever joins the club must select his ward. Sheridan was a member of it, and so was his friend, Prince George, the Regent; and the landlord

of the Harp, when I knew it, Mr. McPherson, preserved among his relics the chairs in which those gay companions sat, when the Wit presided over the initiation of the Prince. It is thought that this club originated out of the society of "The Wolves," which was formed by Kean's adherents, when the elder Booth arose to disturb his supremacy upon the stage; but there is no malice in it now. Its purposes are simply convivial and literary, and its atmosphere is that of thorough good-will. John Coleman, in his Memoir of Samuel Phelps, refers to it as "a society of actors and other idiots," and signifies that its title was "The Screaming Lunatics." A colored print of the clubroom can be found in that eccentric book, "The Life of an Actor," by Pierce Egan, 1825. An account of the Harp, published in "The Victualler's Gazette," says that this tavern has had within its doors every actor of note since the days of Garrick, and many actresses, also, of the period of a hundred years ago, and it mentions, as visitants there, Dora Jordan, Nance Oldfield, Anne Brace-

girdle, Kitty Clive, Harriet Mellon, Barton Booth, Quin, Cibber, Macklin, Grimaldi, Mme. Vestris, and Katharine Stephens.

One of the gentlest and most winning traits in the English character is its instinct of companionship as to literature and art. Since the days of the Mermaid the authors and actors of London have dearly loved and deeply enjoyed such odd little fraternities of wit as are typified, not inaptly, by "the City of Lushington." There are no rosier hours in my memory than those that were passed, between midnight and morning, in the cosey clubs in London: and when dark days come, and foes harass, and the troubles of life annoy, it is sweet to remember one sacred retreat of friendship, across the sea, where the old armor gleamed in festal lights, and where one of the gentlest spirits that ever wore the laurel of England's love smiled kindly on his comrades and charmed them equally by the exquisite grace of his courtesy and the magic of his brilliant mind.

> Let no one take beyond this threshold hence
> Words uttered here in friendship's confidence.

That motto was on the wall of Henry Irving's cosey supper-room in the old Lyceum Theatre. Many a group of choice spirits did the illustrious actor assemble in that room, and many a night was made radiant there, by sparkle of conversation, glitter of wit and anecdote, and kindly interchange of earnest thought. The place no longer exists. Time has conquered. The bright groups are gone: and death has closed the eyes that looked so kindly on friendship's face and sealed the lips that smiled so sweet a welcome from the heart.

XII.

WARWICK AND KENILWORTH.

All the way from London to Warwick it rained; not heavily, but with a gentle fall. The gray clouds hung low over the landscape and softly darkened it, so that meadows of scarlet and emerald, the shining foliage of elms, gray turret, nestled cottage, and limpid river were as mysterious and evanescent as pictures seen in dreams. At Warwick the rain had fallen and ceased, and the walk from the station to the inn was on a road, or on a footpath by the roadside, still hard and damp with the water it had absorbed. A fresh wind blew from the fields, sweet with the rain and fragrant with the odor of leaves and flowers. The streets of the ancient town,—entered through an old Norman arch,—were deserted and silent. It was Sunday when I first came to the coun-

try of Shakespeare, and over all the region there brooded a sacred stillness peculiar to the time and harmonious beyond utterance with the sanctity of the place. As I strive to recall and to fix in words the impressions of that sublime experience, the same awe falls upon me now that fell upon me then. Nothing else on earth,—no natural scene, no relic of the past, no pageantry of the present,—can vie with the shrine of Shakespeare, in power to impress, to humble, and to exalt the devout spirit that has been nurtured at the fountain of his transcendent genius.

A fortunate way to approach Stratford-upon-Avon is by Warwick and Kenilworth. Those places are not on a direct line of travel, but the scenes and associations that they successively present are such as assume a symmetrical order, increase in interest, and grow to a delightful culmination. Objects that Shakespeare must have seen are still visible there, and little by little, in contact with them, the pilgrim through this haunted region is mentally saturated with that atmosphere of romance

in which the youth of Shakespeare was passed, and by which his works and his memory are embalmed. No one should come abruptly upon the poet's home. The mind needs to be prepared for the impression that awaits it, and in this gradual approach it finds preparation, both suitable and delicious. The luxuriance of the country, its fertile fields, its brilliant foliage, its myriads of wild-flowers, its pomp of color and of physical vigor and bloom, do not fail to announce, to every mind, howsoever heedless, that this is a fit place for the birth and nurture of a great poet. But this is not all. As you stroll in the quaint streets of Warwick, as you drive to Kenilworth, as you muse in that poetic ruin, as you pause in the old graveyard in the valley below, as you meditate over the crumbling fragments of the ancient abbey, at every step of the way you are haunted by a vague sense of an impending grandeur; you are aware of a presence that fills and sanctifies the scene. The emotion that is thus inspired is very glorious, never to be elsewhere felt, and never to be forgotten.

The cyclopædias and the guide-books dilate, with much particularity and characteristic exuberance, upon Warwick Castle and other great features of Warwickshire, but the attribute that all such records omit is the atmosphere; and this, perhaps, is rather to be indicated than described. The prevailing quality of it is a certain high and sweet solemnity,—a feeling kindred with the placid, happy melancholy that steals over the mind, when, on a sombre afternoon in autumn, you stand in the churchyard, and listen, amid rustling branches and sighing grass, to the low music of distant organ and chanting choir. Peace, haunted by romance, dwells here, in reverie. The great tower of Warwick, based in silver Avon and pictured in its slumbering waters, seems musing upon the centuries, over which it has watched, and full of unspeakable knowledge and thought. The dark, massive gateways of the town and the timber-crossed fronts of its antique houses live on in the same strange dream and perfect repose, and all along the drive to Kenilworth are equal images of

rest,—a rest in which there is nothing supine or sluggish, no element of death or decay, but in which passion, imagination, beauty, and melancholy, seized at their topmost poise, seem crystallized in eternal calm. What opulence of splendid life is vital forever in Kenilworth's crumbling ruin there are no words to say: what pomp of royal banners! what dignity of radiant cavaliers! what loveliness of stately and exquisite ladies! what magnificence of banquets! what wealth of pageantry! what lustre of illumination! The same festal music that the old poet Gascoigne heard there, three hundred years ago, is still sounding on, to-day. The proud, cruel Leicester still walks in his vaulted hall. The imperious face of the Virgin Queen still, from her dais, looks down on pluméd courtiers and jewelled dames, and still the moonlight, streaming through the turret-window, falls on the white bosom and the large, startled, black eyes of Amy Robsart, waiting for her lover. The gaze of the pilgrim, indeed, rests only upon old, gray, broken walls, overgrown with green moss and ivy, and

pierced by irregular casements through which the sun shines, and the winds blow, and the rains drive, and the birds fly, amid utter desolation. But silence and ruin are here alike eloquent and awful, and, much as the place impresses you by what remains, it impresses you far more by what has vanished. Ambition, love, pleasure, power, misery, tragedy—these are gone, and being gone they are immortal. I plucked, in the garden of Kenilworth, one of the most brilliant red roses that ever grew, and as I pressed it to my lips I seemed to touch the lips of that superb, bewildering beauty who outweighed England's crown (at least in story), and whose spirit is the everlasting genius of the place.

There is a row of cottages opposite to the ruins of the castle, in which contentment seems to have made her home. The ivy embowers them; the roses cluster around their little windows; the green-sward slopes away, in front, from large flat stones that are embedded in the mossy sod before their doors. Down in the valley, near by, your steps stray through

an ancient graveyard,—in which stands the parish church, a carefully restored building of the eleventh century, with tower, and clock, and bell,—and past a few fragments of the Abbey and Monastery of St. Mary's, destroyed in 1538. At many another point, on the roads betwixt Warwick and Kenilworth and Stratford, I came upon such nests of cosey, rustic quiet and seeming happiness. They build their country houses low, in England, so that the trees overhang them, and the cool, friendly, flower-gemmed earth,—parent, and stay, and bourne of mortal life,—is tenderly taken into their companionship. At Kenilworth, as elsewhere, at such places as Marlowe, Henley, Richmond, Maidenhead, Cookham, and the region round about Windsor, I saw many a sweet nook where tired life might be content to lay down its burden and enter into its rest. In all true love of country,—a passion that seems to be more deeply felt in England than anywhere else,—there is love for the soil itself: and, surely, that sentiment in the human heart is both natural and pious which inspires and

RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE, WARWICKSHIRE

The emerald throstle's silver call
Is heard by Leic'ster's haunted hall,
And down the vale
Of Kenilworth the hawthorns wreathe,
And roses tremble, underneath
The starlight pale.

W. W.

perpetuates man's desire that where he found his cradle he may also find his grave.

Under a cloudy sky and through a landscape still wet and shining with recent rain the drive to Stratford was a pleasure so exquisite that at last it became a pain. Just as the carriage reached the junction of the Warwick and Snitterfield roads a ray of sunshine, streaming through a rift in the clouds, fell upon the neighboring hillside, scarlet with poppies, and lit the scene as with the glory of a celestial benediction. That sunburst, neither growing larger nor coming nearer, followed all the way to Stratford, but there, on a sudden, the clouds were lifted and dispersed, and "fair daylight" flooded the whole green countryside. The afternoon sun was still high in heaven when I alighted at the Red Horse and entered the little parlor of Washington Irving. They keep the room much as it was when he saw it, for they are aware of his gentle genius and grateful for his appreciative words. There is the old-fashioned hair-cloth armchair in which he sat, on that night of memory and of musing which he

has described in "The Sketch Book." A brass plate is affixed to it, inscribed with his name. The American pilgrim to Stratford looks with tender interest on the old fireplace, and reads the memorials of Irving that are hung upon the walls, and it is no small comfort there to reflect that our illustrious countryman,—whose name will be remembered with honor, as long as literature is prized,—was the first, in modern days, to celebrate the beauties and to declare the poetic charm of the birthplace of Shakespeare.

XIII.

FIRST VIEW OF STRATFORD.

Once again, as it did on that delicious summer afternoon which is forever memorable in my life, the golden glory of the setting sun burns on the gray spire of Stratford church, and on the ancient graveyard below,—wherein the mossy stones lean this way and that, in sweet and orderly confusion,—and on the peaceful avenue of limes, and on the burnished water of silver Avon. The tall, pointed, many-colored windows of the church glint in the evening light. A cool, fragrant wind is stirring the branches and the grass. The song-birds, calling to their mates or sporting in the wanton pleasure of their airy life, are circling over the church roof or hiding in little crevices of its walls. On the vacant meadows across the river stretch away the long, level

shadows of the stately elms. Here and there, upon the river's brink, are pairs of what seem lovers, strolling by the reedy marge, or sitting upon the low tombs, in the Sabbath quiet. As the sun sinks and the dusk deepens, two figures of infirm old women, clad in black, pass with slow, feeble steps through the avenue of limes, and vanish around an angle of the church,—which now stands all in shadow: and no sound is heard but the faint rustling of the leaves.

Once again, as on that sacred night, the streets of Stratford are deserted and silent under the star-lit sky, and I am standing, in the dusky light, at the door of the cottage in which Shakespeare was born. It is empty and still, and in all the neighborhood there is no stir nor sign of life; but the quaint casements and gables of this haunted house, its antique porch, and the great timbers that cross its front are luminous with a lustre of their own, so that I see them with perfect vision. I stand there a long time, and I know that I am to remember these sights forever, as I see

them now. After a while, with lingering steps, I turn away from this marvellous spot, and, presently, passing through a narrow, winding lane, I walk in the High Street of the town, and mark, at the end of the prospect, the illuminated clock in the tower of the chapel of the Holy Cross. A few chance-directed steps bring me to what was New Place once, where Shakespeare died; and there again I pause, and long remain in meditation, gazing into the enclosed garden, where, under screens of wire, are fragments of mortar and stone. These,—although I do not then know it,—are the remains of the foundation of Shakespeare's house. The night wanes, but still I walk in Stratford streets, and by and by I am standing on the bridge that spans the Avon, and looking down at the thick-clustering stars reflected in its black and silent stream. At last, under the roof of the Red Horse, I sink into a troubled slumber, from which, soon, a strain of celestial music, strong, sweet, jubilant, and splendid, awakens me in an instant; and I start up in bed,—to find that all around

me is still as death; and then, drowsily, far-off, the bell strikes three, in its weird, lonesome tower.

Every pilgrim to Stratford knows, in a general way, what he will there behold. Copious description of its Shakespearean associations has made the place familiar to the world. Yet those Shakespearean associations keep a perennial freshness, and are equally a surprise to the sight and a wonder to the mind. Though more than three centuries old they are not stricken with age or decay. The house in Henley Street, in which, according to accepted tradition, Shakespeare was born, has been from time to time repaired, and so it has been kept sound, without having been very greatly changed from what it was in Shakespeare's youth. The kind ladies, Miss Maria and Miss Caroline Chattaway, who take care of it (1877) and, with much pride and courtesy, show it to the visitor, called my attention to a bit of the ceiling of an upper chamber,—the room of Shakespeare's birth,—which had begun to droop, and had been skilfully secured with lit-

tle iron laths. It is in this room that the numerous autographs are scrawled over the ceiling and walls. One side of the chimney-piece is called "The Actor's Pillar," so richly is it adorned with the names of actors,—Edmund Kean's signature being among them, and still legible. On one of the window-panes, cut with a diamond, is the name of "W. Scott," and all the panes are scratched with signatures,—making you think of Douglas Jerrold's remark on bad Shakespearean commentators, that they resemble persons who write on glass with diamonds, and obscure the light with a multitude of scratches. The floor of that room, uncarpeted and almost snow-white with much washing, seems still as hard as iron; yet its boards have been hollowed by wear, and the heads of the old nails that fasten it down gleam like polished silver. You can sit in an antique chair, in a corner of it, if you like, and think unutterable things. There is, certainly, no word that can even remotely suggest the feeling with which you are there overwhelmed. You can sit also in the room below,

in the seat, in the corner of the wide fireplace, that Shakespeare when a boy may often have occupied. They keep only a few pieces of furniture in any part of the cottage. One room is devoted to Shakespearean relics,—more or less authentic,—one of which is a schoolboy's desk, that was obtained from the old Grammar-School, in Church Street, in which, it is believed, Shakespeare was once a pupil. At the back of the cottage, which is isolated from contiguous structures, is a pleasant garden, and at one side is a cosey little cabin, the home of order and of pious decorum, for the custodians of the Shakespeare House. If you are a favored visitor, you will, perhaps, receive from that garden, at parting, all the flowers, prettily mounted on a sheet of paper, that *Ophelia* names, in the scene of her madness. "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: . . . and there is pansies, that's for thoughts: . . . there's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue for you: . . . there's a daisy:—I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died."

The ample knowledge that Shakespeare had of plants and flowers, and the loving appreciation with which he describes pastoral scenery, are readily understood by the observant rambler in the Stratford country. There is a walk across the fields, to Shottery, that the poet must often have taken, in the days of his courtship of Anne Hathaway. The path to that hamlet passes through pastures and gardens, flecked with those brilliant scarlet poppies that are so radiant and bewitching in the English landscape. To have grown up amid such surroundings, and, above all, to have experienced amid them the passion of love, must have been, for Shakespeare, the intuitive acquirement of ample and specific knowledge of their manifold beauties. It would be hard to find a sweeter rustic retreat than Anne Hathaway's cottage is, even now. Tall trees embower it, and over its porches, and along its picturesque, irregular front, and on its thatched roof, the woodbine and the ivy climb, and there are wild roses and maiden's blush. For the young poet's wooing no place

could be fitter. He would always remember it with tender joy. They preserve, in that cottage, an old settle, by the fireside, whereon the lovers may have sat together: it formerly stood outside the door: and in a little chamber next the roof there is an antique, carved bedstead, that Anne Hathaway owned. That cottage, it is thought, continued to be Anne's home for several years of her married life,—her husband being absent in London, and sometimes coming down to visit her, at Shottery. "He was wont," says John Aubrey, the antiquary, writing in 1680, "to go to his native country once a year." The last surviving descendant of the Hathaway family, Mrs. Baker, was living in the cottage, when I first saw it (she is dead now), and it was her custom to welcome, with homely hospitality, the wanderers, from all lands, seeking,—in a sympathy and reverence honorable to human nature,—the shrine of Shakespeare's love. There is one such wanderer who will never forget the farewell clasp of that kind woman's hand, and who has never parted with her gift

of woodbine and roses from the porch of Anne Hathaway's cottage.

In England it is living, more than writing about it, that is esteemed by intellectual, cultivated, gentle persons. They prize good writing, but they prize noble living far more. This is an ingrained principle, and not an artificial habit, and this principle must have been as potent in Shakespeare's age as it is to-day. Nothing could be more natural than that this great writer should think less of his works than of the establishment of his home. He would desire, having gained a fortune, to dwell in his native place, to enjoy the companionship and esteem of his neighbors, to participate in their pleasures, to help them in their troubles, to aid in the improvement and embellishment of the town, to deepen his hold upon the affections of all around him, and to feel that, at last, honored and lamented, his ashes would be laid in the village church where he had worshipped and with which his earliest recollections were entwined.

It was in 1597, about twelve years after he first went to London, that the poet bought the estate of New Place, but according to the authority of Halliwell-Phillipps his final retirement to that home did not occur till some time between the autumn of 1609 and the summer of 1611; while, according to a record mentioned by Malone, he retained a residence near the Bear Garden, in Southwark, London, till 1608. The mansion of New Place was altered by Sir Hugh Clopton, who owned it toward the middle of the eighteenth century, and it was destroyed by the Rev. Francis Gastrell, in 1759. The grounds, which have been reclaimed,—chiefly through the zeal of Halliwell-Phillipps,—are laid out correspondent to the aspect which they are believed to have presented when Shakespeare owned them. His lawn, his orchard, and his garden are indicated, and a scion of his mulberry is growing on the spot where that famous tree once flourished. You can see a part of the foundation of the old house. It was made of brick and timber; it seems to have had gables, and no doubt it was fashioned with

graceful curves and broken lines of the Tudor architecture. They keep, upon the lawn, a stone, of considerable size, that once surmounted its door. The site,—still central and commodious,—is on the corner of Church Street and Chapel Lane, and on the opposite corner stands now, as it has stood for more than eight hundred years, the chapel of the Holy Cross, with square, dark tower, fretted parapet, pointed casements, and Norman porch,—one of the most romantic, picturesque churches in England. It was easy, when musing on that storied spot, to fancy Shakespeare, in the gloaming of a summer day, strolling on the lawn, beneath his elms, and listening to the solemn music of the organ; or to think of him as stepping forth from his study, in the late and lonesome hours of the night, and pausing to "count the clock," or note "the exhalations whizzing in the air."

The funeral train of Shakespeare, moving from New Place to Stratford Church, had but a little way to go. The river, surely, must have seemed to hush its murmurs, the trees to droop

their branches, the sunshine to grow dim, as that sad procession passed! His grave is under the gray pavement of the chancel, near the altar, and his wife and one of his daughters are buried beside him. The pilgrim who reads upon the gravestone those rugged lines of entreaty and solemn imprecation that guard the poet's rest feels no doubt that he is listening to his living voice,—for he has now seen the enchanting beauty of the place, and he has now felt what passionate affection it can inspire. Feeling, not literary manner, would naturally have prompted that supplication and curse. Nor does such a pilgrim doubt, when gazing on the painted bust, above the grave,—made by Gerard Jonson, stonecutter,—that he beholds the authentic face of Shakespeare. It is not the heavy face of the images and pictures that purport to be copies of it. There is a touch of naturalness in it that those copies do not reproduce. The expression is thoughtful, and, if a little austere, is, nevertheless, benignant. Shakespeare, according to the bust as it was when placed

above the tomb, had hazel eyes and auburn hair, and the colors of his raiment were scarlet and black. Those colors, once effaced with white paint, have been restored. Being painted, and being placed at a considerable height on the church wall, the bust does not reveal a fact perceptible on close inspection, and, indeed, in a cast from it (a fact long ago discerned and pointed out by Chantrey), that it was made from a mask of the dead face. One of the cheeks is slightly swollen, and the tongue, very slightly protruded, is held between the lips.

The burial of Shakespeare's body in the chancel was, as observed by Halliwell-Phillipps, due to "the circumstance of its then being the legal and customary burial-place of the owners of the tithes," of whom the poet was one: but it seems to warrant the inference that he was esteemed, in the community of Stratford, as a man of religious character. "I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting." So said Shakespeare,

in his last Will, bowing in humble reverence, the mightiest mind—as vast and limitless in the power to comprehend as to express—that ever wore the garment of mortality.

Once again there is a sound of organ music, very low and soft, in Stratford Church, and the dim light, broken by the richly stained windows, streams across the dusky chancel, filling the still air with opal haze and flooding those gray gravestones with its mellow radiance. Not a word is spoken; but, at intervals, the rustle of the leaves is audible in a sighing wind. What visions are these that suddenly fill the region! What royal faces of monarchs, proud with power, or pallid with anguish! what sweet, imperial women, gleeful with happy youth and love, or staring and rigid in tearless woe! what warriors, with serpent diadems, defiant of death and hell! The mournful eyes of *Hamlet;* the wild countenance of *Lear; Ariel* with his harp, and *Prospero* with his wand! Here is no death! All these, and more, are immortal shapes; and he that made them so, although his mortal part be but a

THE SHAKESPEARE CHURCH (HOLY TRINITY), STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

FROM THE OLD MILL DAM

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow!
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow!
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame be it spread,
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head!

GARRICK.

handful of dust in that gloomy crypt, is a glorious angel, beyond the stars.

HEAVEN'S HOUR.

Can I forget?—no, never while my soul
Lives to remember! that imperial night
When through the spectral church I heard them roll,
Those organ tones of glory, and my sight
Grew dim with tears, while ever new delight
Throbbed in my heart, and through the shadowy dread
The pale ghosts wandered, and a deathly chill
Froze all my being,—the mysterious thrill
That tells the awful presence of the dead!
Yet not the dead, but strayed from heavenly bowers,
Pure souls that live with other life than ours:
For sure I am that ecstasy of sound
Lured one sweet spirit from his holy ground,
Who dwells in the perpetual land of flowers.

(*Written on hearing Organ Music, at night, in the Shakespeare Church, at Stratford, September* 18, 1890.)

XIV.

THE HOME OF SHAKESPEARE.

I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

—Twelfth Night.

It is the everlasting glory of Stratford-upon-Avon that it was the birthplace of Shakespeare. Situated in the heart of beautiful Warwickshire, it nestles cosily in an atmosphere of tranquil loveliness and it is surrounded by everything that gentle rural scenery can provide to soothe the mind and to nurture contentment. It stands upon a plain, almost in the centre of England, through which, between low green hills that roll away on either side, the Avon flows, in many capricious windings, to the Severn, and so to the sea. The country in its neighborhood is under

perfect cultivation, and for many miles around presents the appearance of a superb park. Portions of the land are devoted to crops and pasture; other portions are thickly wooded with oak, elm, willow, and chestnut; the meadows are intersected by hedges of fragrant hawthorn, and the region smiles with flowers. Old manor-houses, half-hidden among the trees, and thatched cottages embowered in roses are sprinkled through the surrounding landscape, and all the roads that converge upon this point,—from Birmingham, Warwick, Shipton, Bidford, Alcester, Evesham, Worcester, and other contiguous towns,—wind, in sun and shadow, through a sod of green velvet, swept by the cool, sweet winds of the English summer. Such felicities of situation and such accessories of beauty, however, are not unusual in England, and Stratford, were it not hallowed by association, though it would always hold a place among the pleasant memories of the traveller, would not have become a shrine for the homage of the world. To Shakespeare it owes its renown; from Shake-

speare it derives the bulk of its prosperity. To visit Stratford is to tread with affectionate veneration in the footsteps of the poet. To write about Stratford is to write about Shakespeare.

More than three hundred years have passed since the birth of the poet, and many changes have occurred in his native town within that period. The Stratford of Shakespeare's time was built principally of timber, and it contained about fourteen hundred inhabitants. Its population has grown to be more than ten thousand. New dwellings have arisen where once were fields of grain or grass, glorious with the shimmering lustre of the scarlet poppy. Many of the older buildings have been altered. Manufacture has been stimulated into prosperous activity. The Avon has been spanned by a new bridge, of iron,—a path for pedestrians, adjacent to Clopton's bridge of stone. (The iron bridge was opened November 23, 1827.) The streets have been levelled, swept, rolled, and garnished, till the town resembles a Flemish drawing, of the Middle Ages. Even

the Shakespeare cottage, the old "Harvard house," in High Street, and the two old churches,—authentic and splendid memorials of a distant, storied past,—have been, more or less, "restored." If the poet could walk again through his accustomed haunts, though he would see the same smiling country round about, and hear, as of old, the ripple of the Avon murmuring in its summer sleep, his eyes would rest on few objects that once he knew. Yet, there are the paths that Shakespeare often trod; there stands the house in which he was born; there is the school in which he was taught; there is the cottage in which he wooed his sweetheart; there are the traces and relics of the mansion in which he died; and there is the church that keeps his dust, forever consecrated by the reverence of mankind.

In shape the town of Stratford somewhat resembles a large cross, which is formed by High Street, running nearly north and south, and Bridge Street and Wood Street, running nearly east and west. From these, which are main avenues, many and devious branches radi-

ate. A few of the streets are broad and straight, but some of them are narrow and crooked. High and Bridge streets intersect each other, at the centre of the town, where stands the Market House, an ugly building, of the period of King George the Fourth, with an illuminated clock in its belfry, facing eastward toward the old stone bridge, with fourteen arches,—the bridge that Sir Hugh Clopton built across the Avon, in the reign of King Henry the Seventh, a bridge 376 yards long and about 48 feet wide, which, except for alteration of the west end of it, made in 1814, remains unchanged. A cross once stood at the corner of High Street and Wood Street, and near that cross were a pump and a well. From that central point a few steps will bring the traveller to the birthplace of Shakespeare. It is a small, two-story cottage of timber and plaster, on the north side of Henley Street, in the western part of the town. It must have been, in its pristine days, finer than most of the dwellings in its neighborhood. The one-story house, with attic windows, was, almost

invariably, the kind of building erected in English country towns, till the seventeenth century. This cottage, besides its two stories, was provided with dormer-windows, and with a pent-house over its door, and it was built and appointed in a manner both opulent and substantial. Its age is unknown, but the history of Stratford begins at a period three hundred years anterior to William the Conqueror, and fancy, therefore, is allowed ample room to exaggerate its antiquity.

That house was bought, and presumably occupied, by Shakespeare's father in 1555, and in it he resided till his death, in 1601, when it descended, by inheritance, to the poet. Such is the substance of the complex documentary evidence and of the emphatic tradition that consecrate this cottage as the birthplace of Shakespeare. The point has never been settled. John Shakespeare, the father, was, in 1564, the owner, not only of the house in Henley Street, but of another, in Greenhill Street. William Shakespeare might have been born in either of those dwellings. Tradition, however, has sanctified

the Henley Street cottage, and this, accordingly, as Shakespeare's cradle, will be piously guarded, to a late posterity.

The Birthplace has survived many and serious vicissitudes. By Shakespeare's Will it was bequeathed to his sister Joan, Mrs. William Hart, to be held by her, under the yearly rent of twelvepence, during her life, and, at her death, to revert to his daughter, Susanna, and to her descendants. His sister Joan appears to have been living there at the time of his decease, in 1616. She is known to have been living there in 1639, twenty-three years later, and doubtless she resided there till her death, in 1646. The estate then passed to Susanna,—Mrs. John Hall,—from whom, in 1649, it descended to her grandchild, Lady Barnard, who left it to her kinsmen, Thomas and George Hart, grandsons of Joan. In that line of descent it continued, subject to many of those infringements which are incidental to poverty, till 1806, when William Shakespeare Hart, the seventh in collateral kinship from the poet, sold it to Thomas Court, from whose family

it was, at last, purchased for the British nation. Meantime the property, which originally consisted of two tenements and a considerable tract of adjacent land, had, little by little, been curtailed of its fair proportions, by the sale of its gardens and orchards. The two tenements,—two in one, that is,—had been subdivided. A part of the building became an inn, at first called The Maidenhead, afterward The Swan, and finally The Swan and Maidenhead. Another part of it became a butcher's shop. The old dormer-windows and the pent-house were removed. A brick casing was placed upon the tavern end of the structure. In front of the butcher's shop appeared a sign, announcing, "William Shakespeare was born in this house: N.B.—A Horse and Taxed Cart to Let." Still later, another legend appeared, vouching that "the immortal Shakespeare was born in this house." From 1793 till 1820 Thomas and Mary Hornby, connections by marriage with the Hart family, lived in the Shakespeare cottage,—which then had become a resort of literary pilgrims,—

and Mary Hornby, who assumed to be a poet and wrote tragedy, comedy, and philosophy, took delight in exhibiting its rooms to visitors. During the reign of that eccentric custodian the low ceilings and whitewashed walls of its several chambers became covered with autographs, scrawled thereon by many enthusiasts, including some of the most famous persons in Europe. In 1820 Mary Hornby was requested to leave the premises. She did not wish to go. She could not endure the thought of a successor. "After me, the deluge!" She was obliged to abdicate; but she conveyed away all the furniture and relics alleged to be connected with Shakespeare's family, and she hastily whitewashed the cottage walls. Only a small part of the wall of that upper room, the chamber in which "nature's darling" first saw the light, escaped that act of spiteful resentment. On the space behind its door can still be read many names, with dates affixed, ranging back from 1820 to 1729. Among those names is that of Dora Jordan, the fascinating actress, who wrote it there, June 2, 1809. Much of

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE, HENLEY STREET, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

Speak low: the place is holy to the breath
Of awful harmonies, of whispering prayer.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Mary Hornby's whitewash, which chanced to be unsized, was afterward removed, so that her work of obliteration proved successful only in part. Other names have been added to that singular, chaotic scroll of worshippers. Sir Walter Scott, Rogers, Charles Kean, Thackeray, Tennyson, and Dickens are among the votaries of genius who there and thus recorded their presence. Scott visited the cottage in August, 1821, and at that time scratched his name on the window-pane. He had previously, in 1815, visited Kenilworth. He was in Stratford again in 1828, and on April 8, that year, he went to Shakespeare's grave, and subsequently drove to Charlecote. The visit of Byron has been incorrectly assigned to the year 1816. It occurred on August 28, probably in 1812.

The successors of Mary Hornby guarded their charge with pious care. The value of the old Shakespeare cottage slowly grew more evident to the English people. Washington Irving made a pilgrimage to Stratford and recounted it in his felicitous "Sketch Book."

Yet it was not until P. T. Barnum, of the United States, made a proposition to buy Shakespeare's house, and convey it to America, that the literary enthusiasm of Great Britain was made to take a practical shape, and that venerated, inestimable relic became, in 1847, a national possession. In 1856 John Shakespeare, of Worthington Field, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, gave the money necessary to pay for the restoration of it, and within the next two years, under the superintendence of Edward Gibbs and William Holtom, of Stratford, it was isolated by the demolition of the cottages at its sides and in the rear, repaired wherever decay was visible, and set in order.

The builders of that house must have done their work thoroughly, for, even after many years of rough usage and of slow impairment, the great timbers remain solid, the plastered walls are firm, the huge chimney-stack is permanent, and the ancient floor only denotes, by the channelled aspect of its boards and the gleaming heads of the nails which fasten them down, that it is very old. The cottage

was built, according to ancient custom in English towns, close to the edge of the street, so that the front door affords direct access to one of the principal rooms. The ceiling of that room is low. The floor is made of slabs. Within the fire-place, on each side, a seat is fashioned in the brick-work; and there, as it is pleasant to imagine, the boy-poet often sat, on winter nights, gazing dreamily into the flames, and building castles in that fairy-land of fancy which was his celestial inheritance. You presently pass from that room, by a narrow, well-worn staircase, to the chamber above, which is shown as the place of the poet's birth. An antique chair, of the sixteenth century, stands in the right-hand corner. At the left is a small fire-place. Around the walls are visible the great beams which are the framework of the building,—beams of seasoned oak, that will last for ages. Opposite to the chamber door is a threefold casement, the original window, containing sixty panes of glass scrawled all over with names that visitors have written with diamonds. The ceiling is so low that you can

easily touch it with uplifted hand. This room, and indeed the whole structure, is as polished and orderly as any waxen, royal palace hall, and it affects the enthusiastic pilgrim much as old lace does, that has been treasured in lavender or jasmine. Those walls, which no one is now permitted to mar, were, naturally, the favorite scroll of the Shakespeare votaries of long ago. Much of the plaster bears marks of the pencil of reverence or of vanity. Hundreds of names are written there, some of them famous but most of them obscure, and all destined to perish. On the chimney-piece at the right of the fire-place, which is named "The Actor's Pillar," many actors have inscribed their signatures. Edmund Kean wrote his name there,—with what veneration it is vain even to try to imagine. The list of actors includes, among others, Elliston, Buckstone, G. V. Brooke, Eliza Vestris, Charles Mathews, and Fanny Fitzwilliam. Sir Walter recorded himself as "W. Scott." The name of Thackeray appears on the ceiling, and upon the beam across the centre is that of Helen Faucit.

The name of Vestris is written near the fireplace. The names of Mark Lemon and Charles Dickens are together, on the opposite wall. Lord Byron wrote his name there, but it has disappeared. But it is not of these offerings of fealty that you think, when you sit and muse in that mysterious chamber. As once again I conjure up that solemn scene, the sunshine rests in checkered squares upon the ancient floor, the motes swim in the sunbeams, the air is very cold, the place is as hushed as death, and over it there broods an atmosphere of suspense and mystical desolation,—a sense of some tremendous energy stricken dumb and frozen into silence and past and gone forever.

Opposite to the birth-chamber, at the rear, there is a small room, in which is displayed "the Stratford Portrait" of the poet. That painting is said to have been owned by the Clopton family, and to have fallen into the hands of William Hunt, the town clerk of Stratford, who bought the Clopton mansion, in 1758. Its authenticity is dubious. It does not appear to have been valued, and, although

it remained in the house, it was cast away among lumber and rubbish. By and by it was painted over, by an unknown hand, and so made to represent another subject. Later the boys of the tribe of Hunt were accustomed to use it as a target for their arrows. At last, after the lapse of a century, the grandson of Hunt showed it, by chance, to Simon Collins, an artist, who surmised that a portrait might exist beneath its muddy surface. It was carefully cleaned. A thick beard was removed, and a face said to be that of Shakespeare emerged upon the canvas. It is not pretended that this portrait was painted in Shakespeare's time. The close resemblance that it bears,—in attitude, dress, colors, and other peculiarities,—to the painted bust of the poet, in Stratford church, seems to indicate that it was based upon that work. On a brass plate affixed to it is the following inscription:

This portrait of Shakespeare, after being in the possession of Mr. William Oakes Hunt, town-clerk of Stratford, and his family for upwards of a century, was restored to its original condition by Mr. Simon

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

From Martin Droeshout's Engraving in the First Folio.

THIS FIGURE, THAT THOU HERE SEEST PUT,
IT WAS FOR GENTLE SHAKESPEARE CUT;
WHEREIN THE GRAVER HAD A STRIFE
WITH NATURE, TO OUT-DO THE LIFE:
O, COULD HE BUT HAVE DRAWN HIS WIT
AS WELL IN BRASS AS HE HATH HIT
HIS FACE, THE PRINT WOULD THEN SURPASS
ALL THAT WAS EVER WRIT IN BRASS.
BUT SINCE HE CANNOT, READER, LOOK
NOT ON HIS PICTURE, BUT HIS BOOK.

BEN JONSON.

Collins of London, and, being considered a portrait of much interest and value, was given by Mr. Hunt to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, to be preserved in Shakespeare's house, 23d April, 1862.

There, accordingly, it remains, and in association with several other dubious presentments of the poet, cheerfully adds to the mental confusion of the observer who would form an accurate idea of Shakespeare's appearance. The truth is that there are only two representations of Shakespeare in existence which can be considered authentic,—the Droeshout portrait and the Gerard Jonson bust. They are not perfect works of art; they, probably, do not faithfully depict the original; but they were seen and accepted by persons to whom Shakespeare had been a companion. The bust was sanctioned by his widow and children; the portrait was sanctioned by his friend Ben Jonson, and by his brother actors, Heminge and Condell, who prefixed it, in 1623, to the first folio of his works.

Standing among the relics that have been gathered into a museum in a room on the

ground-floor of the cottage, it is essential to remember how often "the wish is father to the thought" that sanctifies the uncertain memorials of the distant past. Several of the most suggestive documents, though, which bear upon the incomplete record of Shakespeare's life are preserved in this place. Here is a deed, made in 1596, which proves that this house was his father's residence. Here is the only letter addressed to him that is known to exist,—the letter of Richard Quiney, 1598, asking for the loan of thirty pounds. Here is a declaration in a suit, in 1604, to recover the price of some malt that he had sold to a townsman,—showing that he could attend strictly to practical affairs. Here is a deed, dated 1609, on which is the autograph of his brother Gilbert, who, surviving, it is dubiously said, almost till the period of the Restoration, talked, when an old man, of the poet's impersonation of *Adam,* in "As You Like It." (Possibly the reference of that legend is, correctly, not to Gilbert, but to a son of his, for Gilbert would have been nearly a century old when King Charles the Second

came to the throne.) Here, likewise, is shown a gold seal ring, which was found, many years ago, in a field near Stratford church, and on which, delicately engraved, appear the letters W. S., entwined with a true-lovers' knot. It may have belonged to Shakespeare. The local conjecture is that it did, and it has also been conjectured that, since on the last of the three sheets which contain his Will the word "seal" is stricken out and the word "hand" substituted, he did not seal that document because he had only just lost the ring. The supposition is ingenious, and the enthusiast will not be harmed by acceptance of it: nor, as he contemplates the ancient, decrepit school-desk, taken from the Grammar-School in Church Street and placed in this museum, will it greatly tax his credulity to believe that the "shining morning face" of the boy Shakespeare once looked down upon it, in the irksome quest of his "small Latin and less Greek." They call it "Shakespeare's desk." It is old, and it is known to have been in the school of the guild more than three hundred years ago.

There are other relics, more or less indirectly connected with the great name that is here commemorated. The inspection of them all would consume many days; the description of them would occupy many pages. You write your name in the visitors' book, at parting, and perhaps stroll forth into the garden of the cottage, which encloses it at the sides and in the rear, and there, beneath the leafy boughs of the English lime, behold growing around you the rosemary, pansies, fennel, columbines, rue, daisies, and violets, which make *Ophelia's* imperishable garland and which are the fragrance of her lovely memory.

Thousands of times the wonder must have been expressed that while the world knows so much about Shakespeare's mind it should lack ample details of his life. The date of his birth, even, is established by inference. The register of Stratford church shows that he was baptized there in 1564, on April 26. It was customary to baptize infants on the third day after their birth. It is presumed that the custom was followed in this instance, and hence

it is inferred that Shakespeare was born on April 23,—a date which, making allowance for the difference between the old and new styles of reckoning time, corresponds to our May 3. Equally by an inference it is established that the boy was educated in the free Grammar-School. The school was there, and any boy of the town, who was seven years old and able to read, could obtain admission to it. Shakespeare's father, an alderman of Stratford (he was elected chief alderman, October 10, 1571), and then a man of competent fortune, though afterward he became poor, would have wished that his children should grow up in knowledge. To the ancient school-house, accordingly, and the adjacent chapel of the guild,—which are still extant, at the south-east corner of Chapel Lane and Church Street,—the pilgrim confidingly traces the footsteps of the poet. The chapel was built about the middle of the thirteenth century. It was a Roman Catholic institution, founded in 1296, under the patronage of the Bishop of Worcester, and committed to the

pious custody of the guild of Stratford. A hospital was connected with it, in those days, and Robert de Stratford was its first master. Confirmation and new privileges were granted to the guild by King Henry the Sixth, in 1403 and 1429. The Grammar-School, established on an endowment of lands and tenements by Thomas Jolyffe, was set up, in association with it, in 1482. Toward the end of the reign of King Henry the Seventh the whole of the chapel, excepting the chancel, was torn down and rebuilt, under the munificent direction of Sir Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London, Stratford's chief citizen and benefactor. Under King Henry the Eighth, when came the stormy Reformation, the priests were driven out, the guild was dissolved, and the chapel was despoiled. King Edward the Sixth, however, granted a new charter to it, and, with especial precautions, reinstated the school. The chapel was occasionally used as a schoolroom when Shakespeare was a boy, and until as late as the year 1595, and in case the lad did go thither, in 1571, as a pupil, he must have

been, from childhood, familiar with the series of grotesque pictures upon its walls, presenting the history of the Holy Cross, from its origin as a tree, at the beginning of the world, to its exaltation at Jerusalem. Those paintings were brought to light in 1804, in the course of a renovation of the chapel which then occurred, when the walls were relieved of a thick coating of whitewash, laid on them long before, in Puritan times, either to spoil or to hide from the spoiler. The pictures are not visible now, but they were copied and have been engraved. The drawings of them, by Fisher, are in the collection of Shakespearean Rarities made by Halliwell-Phillipps. This chapel and its contents constitute one of the few remaining spectacles at Stratford that bring the observer face to face with Shakespeare. It is believed that during the closing years of his life the poet dwelt almost continually in his house of New Place, immediately opposite to this church. The configuration of the excavated foundations of that house indicates what would now be called a deep bay-window in its southern front.

There, probably, was Shakespeare's study, and through that casement, many and many a time, in storm and in sunshine, by night and by day, he must have looked upon the grim, square tower, the embattled stone wall, and the four tall Gothic windows of that impressive building, already in his time made picturesque by age.

New Place, Shakespeare's home, in which he died, stood on the north-east corner of Chapel Street and Chapel Lane. Nothing now remains of it but a portion of its foundations,—long buried in the earth, but found and exhumed in comparatively recent days. There is no authentic picture in existence that shows New Place as it was when Shakespeare lived in it, but there is a sketch of it as it appeared in 1740. The house was built by Sir Hugh Clopton, nearly a century before it became, by purchase, the property of the poet, and it had borne the name of New Place before it came into his possession. The Clopton family parted with it in 1563, and it was subsequently owned by families named Bott and Underhill. At Shakespeare's death it was

inherited by his eldest daughter, Susanna, wife of Dr. John Hall. In 1643, Mrs. Hall, then seven years a widow, being still its owner and occupant, Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of King Charles the First, who had come to Stratford, with a part of the royal army, resided for three days at New Place, which, therefore, must, even then, have been the most considerable private residence in the town. (The Queen arrived at Stratford on July 11, and on July 13 she went to Kineton.) Mrs. Hall, dying in 1649, aged sixty-six, left it to her only child, Elizabeth, then Mrs. Thomas Nashe, who ultimately, having been left a widow, wedded with Sir John Barnard, of Abingdon, and removed to that town. After her death the estate was purchased, 1675, by Sir Edward Walker, who bequeathed it to his daughter's husband, Sir John Clopton (1638-1719), and so it once more passed into the hands of the family of its founder. A second Sir Hugh Clopton (1671-1751) owned it at the middle of the eighteenth century, and under his direction it was repaired, decorated, and furnished with a new front. That proved

the beginning of the end of the old structure, as a relic of Shakespeare, for that owner, dying in 1751, bequeathed it to his son-in-law, Henry Talbot, who, in 1753, sold it to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, vicar of Frodsham, Cheshire, by whom it was destroyed.

Mr. Gastrell was a man of fortune, and he seems, likewise, to have been a man of singular insensibility. He knew little of Shakespeare, but he knew that the frequent incursion, into his garden, of strangers who came to sit beneath "Shakespeare's mulberry" was a distinct annoyance. He, therefore, struck at the root of the vexation and, in 1756, cut down the tree. The wood was purchased by Thomas Sharp, a watchmaker of Stratford, who subsequently made a solemn declaration that he carried it to his home and converted it into toys and kindred memorial relics. The villagers of Stratford, meantime, incensed at the conduct of Mr. Gastrell, which they deemed barbarous, took their revenge by breaking his windows. In that and in other ways the clergyman was made to realize his

local unpopularity. It had been his custom to reside in Lichfield during a part of each year, leaving servants in charge of New Place. The overseers of Stratford, having lawful authority to levy a tax, for the maintenance of the poor, on every house in the town valued at more than forty shillings a year, did not neglect to make use of their power, in the case of Mr. Gastrell. The result of their exactions in the sacred cause of charity was decisive. In 1759 Mr. Gastrell declared that the house should never be taxed again, pulled down the building, sold the materials of which it had been composed, and left Stratford forever.

In the house adjacent to the site of what was once Shakespeare's home there is a museum of Shakespearean relics. Among them is a stone mullion, found on the site, which is believed to have surmounted a window of the original mansion. This estate, bought from different owners and restored to its Shakespearean condition, became, on April 17, 1876, the property of the corporation of Stratford.

The tract of land is not large. The visitor can traverse the whole of it in a few minutes, although, if he obey his inclination, he will linger there for hours. The enclosure is an irregular rectangle, about two hundred feet long. The scion of the Shakespeare mulberry is extant and tenacious, wearing its honors in contented vigor. Other trees give grateful shade to the grounds, while the voluptuous red roses, growing around, in rich profusion, fill the air with fragrance. Eastward, at a little distance, flows the Avon. Not far away rises the graceful spire of the Holy Trinity. A few rooks, hovering in the air and bent on some facetious mischief, send down through the silver haze of the summer morning their sagacious yet melancholy caw. The windows of the gray chapel across the street glimmer and keep their solemn secret. On this spot was first waved the mystic wand of *Prospero.* Here *Ariel* sang of dead men's bones turned into pearl and coral in the deep caverns of the sea. Here arose into everlasting life *Hermione,* "as tender as infancy and grace." Here were

created *Miranda* and *Perdita,* twins of heaven's radiant goodness,—

> Daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytherea's breath.

To speculate upon the personal experience of Shakespeare,—when, as his somewhat mysterious sonnets seem to denote, his great heart had felt the devastating blast of cruel passions,—would be merely to wander in the maze of fruitless conjecture. Happily, to the stroller in Stratford, every association connected with him is gentle and sweet. His image, as it rises there, is of smiling boyhood or sedate and benignant maturity; always either joyous or serene, never passionate, or turbulent, or dark. The pilgrim thinks of him as a happy child at his father's fireside; as a wondering schoolboy, in the quiet, venerable close of the old guild chapel, where the only sound that breaks the silence is the chirp of birds or the

creaking of the church vane; as a handsome, dauntless youth, sporting by his beloved river or roaming through field and forest many miles around; as the bold, adventurous spirit, bent on frolic and mischief, and not averse to danger, leading, perhaps, the wild lads of his village in their poaching depredations on the chace of Charlecote; as the lover, strolling through the green lanes of Shottery, hand in hand with the darling of his first love, while round them the honeysuckle breathed out its fragrant heart upon the winds of night, and overhead the moonlight, streaming through rifts of elm and poplar, fell on their pathway in showers of shimmering silver; and, last of all, as the illustrious poet, rooted and secure in his massive and shining fame, loved by many, and venerated and mourned by all, borne slowly through Stratford churchyard, while the golden bells were tolled in sorrow and the mourning lime-trees dropped their blossoms on his bier, to the place of his everlasting rest.

Through all the scenes incidental to that

CHARLECOTE HOUSE, NEAR STRATFORD

Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.

TENNYSON.

experience the worshipper of Shakespeare's genius can follow him every step of the way. The old foot-path across the fields to Shottery remains accessible. Wild-flowers are blooming along its margin, and the gardens and meadows through which it winds are sprinkled with the gorgeous scarlet of the poppy. The hamlet of Shottery is less than a mile westward from Stratford, and there, nestled beneath the elms, and almost embowered in vines and roses, stands the cottage of Anne Hathaway. This is more antiquated in appearance than the birthplace of Shakespeare, and more obviously a relic of the distant past. It is built of wood and plaster, ribbed with massive timbers, and covered with a thatch roof. It fronts southward, presenting its eastern end to the road. Under the eaves, peeping through embrasures cut in the thatch, are four tiny casements, round which the ivy twines and the roses wave softly in the summer wind. The western end of the structure is higher than the eastern. In front is a straggling garden. There is a comfortable air of wildness, yet not of neglect, in its

appointments and surroundings. Entering its parlor you see the stone floor, a wide fire-place, a broad, hospitable hearth, with cosey chimney-corners, and near this an old wooden settle, much decayed but still serviceable, on which Shakespeare may often have sat, with Anne at his side. The plaster walls of this room here and there reveal portions of an oak wainscot. The ceiling is low. This, evidently, was the farm-house of a substantial yeoman, in the days of King Henry the Eighth. The Hathaways had lived in Shottery for forty years prior to Shakespeare's marriage. The poet had just turned eighteen, while his bride was nearly twenty-six. They were married in November, 1582, and their first child, Susanna, came in the following May. It is not known where the poet and his wife lived during the first years after their marriage. Perhaps in the cottage at Shottery; perhaps with Hamnet and Judith Sadler, for whom their twins, born in 1585, were named Hamnet and Judith. The parental home, naturally, would have been chosen for Anne's refuge, when presently, in

1585-'86, Shakespeare was obliged to leave his wife and children, and go to London, to seek his fortune. It was in Stratford that his son Hamnet died, in 1596. Anne and her children, probably, had never left the town. The garret of the Shottery cottage may often have welcomed the poet when he came home from his labors in the great city. It is a homely, humble place, but the sight of it makes the heart thrill with inexpressible emotion. You cannot wish to speak when you are standing there. You are scarcely conscious of the low rustling of the leaves outside, the far-off sleepy murmur of the brook, or the faint fragrance of woodbine and maiden's-blush that is wafted in at the open casement and that swathes in Nature's incense a memory sweeter than itself.

Associations can be established by fable as well as by fact. There is little or no reason to believe the legendary tale, first recorded by Rowe, that Shakespeare, having robbed the deer-park of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote (there was no park at Charlecote then, but

there was one at Fullbrooke), was so severely prosecuted by that magistrate that he was compelled to quit Stratford and shelter himself in London; yet the story has twisted itself into all the lives of Shakespeare, and, whether received or rejected, has clung to the house of Charlecote. That noble mansion, a genuine specimen, despite a few modern alterations, of the architecture of Queen Elizabeth's time, stands in a park, on the west bank of the Avon, about three miles north-east from Stratford. It is a long, rambling, three-storied palace, as quaint as old St. James's in London, and not altogether unlike that edifice in general character, with octagon turrets, gables, balustrades, Tudor casements, and great stacks of chimneys, and is so nearly hidden by elms of giant growth that you can scarce distinguish it through the foliage till you are close upon it. It was erected in 1558, by Sir Thomas Lucy, who, in 1578, was Sheriff of Warwickshire, who was elected to the Parliaments of 1571 and 1584, and who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, in 1565. The porch to this build-

ing was designed by John of Padua. There is a silly ballad in existence, idly attributed to Shakespeare, which, it is said, was found affixed to Lucy's gate, and which gave that knight great offence. He must have been more than commonly sensitive to low abuse if he could have been annoyed by such a scurrilous ebullition of the manifest blackguard and blockhead,—supposing, indeed, that he ever saw it. That ballad, proffered as the work of Shakespeare, is a forgery. There is but one known reason to believe that the poet ever cherished a grudge against the Lucy family,—namely, the coarse allusion to the "luces" which is found in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

There was, apparently, a second Sir Thomas Lucy, of later date than the Sheriff, who was more of the Puritanic breed, while Shakespeare, seemingly, was a Cavalier. It is possible that, in a youthful frolic, the poet may have poached on Sheriff Lucy's preserves. Even so, the affair was trivial. It is possible, too, that, in after years, he may have had reason to dis-

like his ultra-Puritanical neighbor. Some memory of the tradition will haunt the traveller's thoughts as he strolls by Hatton Rock and through the villages of Hampton and Charlecote. But this discordant recollection is soon smoothed away by the peaceful loveliness of the ramble,—past aged hawthorns that Shakespeare may have seen, and under the boughs of beeches, limes, and drooping willows, where every footstep falls on wild-flowers, or on a cool green turf that is soft as silk and as firm as the sand of the sea-beaten shore. Thought of Sheriff Lucy will not be otherwise than kind, either, when the stranger in Charlecote church reads the epitaph with which the knight commemorated his wife:

All the time of her Lyfe a true and faithfull servant of her good God; never detected of any crime or vice; in religion most sound; in love to her husband most faithfull and true. In friendship most constant. To what in trust was committed to her most secret; in wisdom excelling; in governing her House and bringing up of Youth in the feare of God that did converse with her most rare and singular; a great maintainer of hospitality; greatly esteemed of her betters;

misliked of none unless the envious. When all is spoken that can be said, a Woman so furnished and garnished with Virtue as not to be bettered, and hardly to be equalled of any; as she lived most virtuously, so she dyed most godly. Set down by him that best did know what hath been written to be true. Thomas Lucy.

A narrow formalist that county squire may have been, and, as a magistrate, severe in his dealings with scapegrace youths, and perhaps a haughty, disagreeable neighbor, but there is a tone of manhood, high feeling, and virtuous, self-respecting character in those lines that wins the response of sympathy. If Shakespeare shot the deer of Sir Thomas Lucy he committed an offence and received a legal penalty. Shakespeare, boy or man, was not a saint, and those who so account him can have read his works to little purpose. He can bear the full brunt of his fault. He does not need to be canonized.

The ramble to Charlecote,—one of the prettiest walks about Stratford,—was, it may safely be supposed, often taken by Shakespeare. Many another ramble was possible to him and

no doubt was made. He would cross the mill bridge, new in 1599, which spans the Avon, a little way south of the church. A quaint, sleepy mill no doubt it was, flecked with moss and ivy, and the gaze of Shakespeare assuredly dwelt on it with pleasure. His footsteps can be traced, also, in fancy, to the region of the old College building, demolished in 1799, which stood in the southern part of Stratford, and was the home of his friend John Combe, factor of Fulke Greville, Earl of Warwick. Still another of his walks must have tended northward, through Welcombe, where he was the owner of land, to the portly manor of Clopton, or to the home of William, nephew of John-a-Combe, which stood where the Phillips mansion stands now. On what is, locally, called the "Ancient House," which stands on the west side of High Street, he may often have looked, as he strolled past it, to the Red Horse. That picturesque building, dated 1596, survives, a beautiful specimen of Tudor architecture, in one at least of its most charming traits, the carved and timber-

crossed gable. It is a house of three stories, containing parlor, sitting-room, kitchen, and several bedrooms, besides cellars and brew-shed. In that house, according to a dubious tradition, was born the mother of John Harvard, who founded Harvard University. This, a genuine piece of antiquity, vies with the Grammar-School and the hall of the guild, under the pent-house of which the poet would pass, whenever he went abroad from New Place. Julius Shaw, one of the five witnesses to his Will, lived in the house next to the present New Place Museum, and there, it is reasonable to think, Shakespeare would often pause, for a word with his friend and neighbor. In the little streets by the river-side, which are redolent of the past, his image seems steadily familiar. In Dead Lane, once called Walker Street, now called Chapel Lane, he owned a cottage, bought of Walter Getley in 1602, and only destroyed within the nineteenth century. Those and kindred shreds of fact, suggesting the poet as a living man and connecting him, however vaguely, with our everyday experience,

are seized with peculiar zest by the pilgrim in Stratford.

Such a votary, for example, never doubts that Shakespeare was a frequenter, in leisure or convivial hours, of the ancient Red Horse Inn, now an hotel. It stood there, in his day, as it stands now, on the north side of Bridge Street, westward from the Avon. There are many other taverns in the town,—the Shakespeare, a cosey resort, the Falcon, the Rose and Crown, the old Red Lion, and the Swan's Nest, being a few of them,—but the Red Horse takes precedence of all its kindred, in the fascinating, because suggestive, attribute of antiquity. Moreover it was the Red Horse that harbored Washington Irving, the pioneer of American worshippers at the shrine of Shakespeare, and the American explorer of Stratford would cruelly sacrifice his peace of mind if he were to repose under any other roof. The Red Horse is a rambling, three-story building, entered through an archway that leads into a long, sloping yard, adjacent to offices and stables. On one

side of the entrance is found the smoking-room; on the other is the coffee-room. Above are the bedrooms. It is an old-fashioned house,—such a one as untravelled Americans only know in the pages of Dickens. The rooms are furnished in neat, homelike style, and their associations deck them with the fragrant garlands of memory. When Drayton and Jonson came down to Stratford to visit their comrade Shakespeare, they could not have omitted to quaff the humming ale of Warwickshire in the snug parlor of the Red Horse. When Queen Henrietta Maria was ensconced at New Place, the general of the royal forces quartered himself at the Red Horse, and then, doubtless, there was revelry, enough and to spare, within its walls. A little later the old house was soundly peppered by Roundhead bullets, for the town was overrun by the soldiers of the Parliament, warring against the Crown. In 1742 Garrick and Macklin lodged in the Red Horse, and thither again came Garrick, in 1769, to direct the Shakespeare Jubilee, which was then dis-

mally accomplished, but which is remembered to the great actor's credit and honor. Betterton, no doubt, lodged there when he came to the town in quest of reminiscences of Shakespeare. The visit of Washington Irving, supplemented with his pleasing chronicle, has caused a sort of consecration of the parlor in which he sat, and the chamber, room No. 15, in which he slept. They still keep the poker,—now marked "Geoffrey Crayon's sceptre,"—with which, as he sat there, in long, ecstatic meditation, he prodded the fire in the narrow, tiny grate, and also they treasure the chair in which he sat. Thus genius can sanctify the humblest objects.

To pass rapidly in review that which is known of Shakespeare's life is, nevertheless, to be impressed not only by its incessant and amazing literary fertility, but by the quick succession of its salient incidents. The vitality must have been enormous that created, in so short a time, such a number and variety of works of the highest order. The same "quick spirit" would naturally have kept in agita-

GARRICK'S SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE THEATRE AT STRATFORD—1769

To him the song, the Edifice we raise;
He merits all our wonder, all our praise.

GARRICK.

tion all the elements of his daily experience. Descended from an ancestor who had fought for the Red Rose on Bosworth Field, he was born to good repute as well as competence, and, during his early childhood, he received instruction and training in a comfortable home. There is reason to believe that he went to school when seven years old and left it when about fourteen, his once prosperous father having fallen into misfortune. It is conjectured that he saw the Players who from time to time acted in the Guildhall, under the auspices of the corporation of Stratford; that he attended the religious entertainments which were customarily given in the city of Coventry; and that, in particular, he witnessed the elaborate, sumptuous pageants with which, in 1575, the Earl of Leicester welcomed Queen Elizabeth to Kenilworth Castle. He married at eighteen, and, leaving a wife and three children, two of them twins, in Stratford, he went to London at the age of twenty-one. His entrance into theatrical life followed,—in what capacity it is impossible to say. At twenty-eight he

was known as an author, and his enemy, Greene, had disparaged him, in the "Groat's-worth of Wit." At thirty he had acted with Burbage and Kemp, before Queen Elizabeth. At thirty-three he had acquired wealth enough to purchase New Place, where, doubtless, he placed his family and established his home,—himself remaining in London, but visiting Stratford at frequent intervals. At thirty-four he was the actor of *Knowell,* in Ben Jonson's comedy of "Every Man in His Humor." (Jonson's admired comedy was first acted in 1598, "by the then Lord Chamberlain his servants." *Knowell* is designated as "an old gentleman." The Jonson Folio of 1692 names as follows the principal comedians who acted in that piece: "Will. Shakespeare. Aug. Philips. Hen. Condel. Will Slye. Will Kempe. Ric. Burbage. Joh. Hemings. Tho. Pope. Chr. Beston. Joh. Duke.") At thirty-four also he received the glowing encomium of Meres, in "Wit's Treasury." At thirty-eight he had written "Hamlet" and "As You Like it," and he had become the owner of more estate in

Stratford, costing £320. At forty-one he made his largest purchase, buying, for £440, the "unexpired term of a moiety of the interest in a lease, granted in 1554, for ninety-two years, of the tithes of Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe." Domestic bereavements befell him, and worldly cares and duties were laid upon him, but neither grief nor business could check the fertility of his brain. Within the next ten years he wrote, among other great plays, "Othello," "Lear," "Macbeth," and "Coriolanus." At about forty-eight he seems to have disposed of his interest in the two London theatres with which he had been associated, the Blackfriars and the Globe, and to have retired to his Stratford home. That he was the comrade of bright spirits who glittered in "the spacious times" of Elizabeth several of them have left direct testimony. That he was the king of them all is shown in his works. The Sonnets have been thought to indicate that there was an afflicting episode of sinful passion in his life, but it is not reasonable to assume that a poet so essentially objective as

Shakespeare would be likely to record in his poetry the details of his personal experience. While he was in London he frequented the Falcon Tavern, in Southwark, and also the Mermaid, and he lived at one time in St. Helen's parish, and at another time in Southwark. As an actor his name has been associated with his characters of *Adam, Friar Lawrence,* and the *Ghost* of *King Hamlet,* and a contemporary reference declared him "excellent in the quality he professes,"—the word "quality" meaning profession or pursuit. He passed his last days at Stratford, and died there, somewhat suddenly, on his fifty-second birthday. That event occurred within thirty-three years of the slaughter of King Charles the First. The Puritan spirit, intolerant of the playhouse, was then very potent. Shakespeare's daughter Susanna, aged thirty-three at the time of his death, survived him thirty-three years. His daughter Judith, aged thirty-one at the time of his death, survived him forty-six years. The whisper of tradition says that both of them were Puritans. If so, the seem-

ingly unaccountable disappearance of whatever play-house papers he may have left at Stratford should not be deemed singular. This suggestion must have been made before, and also it must have been supplemented with a reference to the great fire in London, 1666 (which, in consuming old St. Paul's Cathedral, burned a vast quantity of books and manuscripts that had been brought from all the threatened parts of the city and heaped beneath its arches for safety), as, probably, the holocaust of almost every piece of print or writing that might have served to illumine dark places in the story of Shakespeare. In his personality no less than in the fathomless resources of his genius he baffles scrutiny and stands alone.

It is impossible to convey an adequate suggestion of the overwhelming sense of peace that falls upon the soul of the pilgrim when in Stratford church. All the cares, struggles, and trials of mortal life, all its failures, and equally all its achievements, seem there to pass utterly out of remembrance. It is not now an

idle reflection that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." No power of human thought ever rose higher or went further than the thought of Shakespeare. No human being, using the best weapons of intellectual achievement, ever accomplished more. Yet here he lies, who was once so great! And here also, gathered around him in death, lie his parents, his children, his descendants, and his friends. For him and for them the struggle has long since ended. Let no man fear to tread the dark pathway that Shakespeare has trodden before him. Let no man, standing at this grave, and seeing and feeling that all the splendid labors of vast genius end here in a handful of dust, fret and grieve any more over the puny, evanescent toils of to-day, so soon to be buried in oblivion! In the simple performance of duty and in the life of the affections there may be permanence and solace. The rest is an "insubstantial pageant." It breaks, it changes, it dies, it passes away, it is forgotten; and though a great name be now and then for a little while remembered, what

can the remembrance of mankind signify to him who once bore it? Shakespeare, there is reason to believe, placed precisely the right value alike upon renown in his time and the homage of posterity. Though he went forth, as the stormy impulses of his nature drove him, into the great world of London, and there laid the firm hand of conquest upon the spoils of wealth and power, he came back at last to the peaceful home of his childhood; he strove to garner the comforts and treasures of love at his hearth-stone; he sought an enduring place in the hearts of friends and companions; and so he won for his stately sepulchre the garland not alone of glory but of affection.

Through the high eastern window of the chancel of Holy Trinity Church the morning sunshine, broken into many-colored light, streams in upon the grave of Shakespeare and gilds his bust upon the wall above it. The line of graves beginning at the north wall of the chancel and extending across to the south is devoted entirely to Shakespeare and his family, with one exception. The pavement is of that

blue-gray slate or freestone which, in England, is sometimes called "black marble." In the first grave close to the north wall rests Shakespeare's wife. The next is that of the poet, bearing the well-known words of entreaty and imprecation. Next is the grave of Thomas Nashe, husband of Elizabeth Hall, the poet's granddaughter, who died April 4, 1647. Next is that of Dr. John Hall, who died November 25, 1635, husband of his daughter Susanna, and beside him rests Susanna, who was buried on July 11, 1649. The gravestones are laid east and west, and all but one are inscribed: the uninscribed one is next to the south wall, and, possibly, it covers the dust of Judith,—Mrs. Thomas Quiney,—the youngest daughter of Shakespeare, who surviving her three children and leaving no descendants, died in 1662. Upon the gravestone of Susanna an inscription has been placed, commemorative of Richard Watts, a person not known to have had any relationship with either Shakespeare or his descendants. Shakespeare's father, who died in 1601, and his mother, Mary Arden, who

died in 1608, were buried somewhere in this church. (The register says, under Burials, "September 9, 1608, Mayry Shaxspere, wydowe.") His infant sisters Joan, Margaret, and Anne, and his brother Richard, who died, aged thirty-nine, in 1613, were also laid to rest in this place. His sister Joan, the second,—Mrs. Hart,—would, naturally, have been placed with her relatives. His brother Edmund, dying in 1607, aged twenty-seven, was laid beneath the pavement of St. Saviour's Church, in Southwark. The boy Hamnet, dying before his father had become eminent, rests in an undistinguished grave in the churchyard. The Registers of Stratford, which have been carefully edited by that thorough, conscientious antiquarian and scholar, Richard Savage, record his burial on August 11, 1596. The family of Shakespeare seems to have been short-lived, and it was soon extinguished. He died at fifty-two. Judith's children perished young. Susanna bore only one child, Elizabeth, who became, successively, Mrs. Nashe and Lady Barnard, and she, dying in 1670, was buried at Abingdon,

near Oxford. She left no children by either husband, and in her the race of Shakespeare became extinct. Thus, one by one, from the pleasant, rustic town of Stratford, they went to take up their long abode in that old church, which was ancient even in their infancy, and which, watching through the centuries, in its monastic solitude on the shore of Avon, has seen their lands and houses devastated by flood and fire, the places that knew them changed by the tooth of time, and almost all the associations of their lives obliterated by the improving hand of destruction.

One of the oldest Shakespearean documents in existence is a narrative, by a traveller named Dowdall, of his observations in Warwickshire, and of his visit, in April, 1693, to Stratford church. He describes therein the bust and the tombstone of Shakespeare, and he adds these instructive words: "The clerk that showed me this church was above eighty years old. He says that . . . not one, for fear of the curse above said, dare touch his gravestone, though his wife and daughter did earnestly desire to

TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, FROM THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL

Though Shakespeare's dust beneath our footsteps lies,
His spirit breathes amid his native skies;
With feeling won from him forever glows
Each air that England feels and star it knows.

JOHN STERLING.

be laid in the same grave with him." Writers in modern days have disparaged that inscription and conjectured that it was the work of a sexton and not of the poet, but no one denies that it has accomplished its purpose, in preserving the sanctity of Shakespeare's rest. Its rugged form, its pathos, its fitness, and its sincerity make it felt as unquestionably the utterance of Shakespeare, when it is read upon the slab that covers him. There the musing traveller full well conceives how dearly the poet must have loved the beautiful scenes of his birthplace, and with what intense longing he must have desired to sleep undisturbed in the most sacred spot in their bosom. He probably had a premonition of his approaching death. Three months before it came he made his Will. A little later he saw the marriage of his younger daughter. Within less than a month of his death he executed the Will, and thus set his affairs in order. His handwriting, in the three signatures to that paper, conspicuously exhibits the lassitude of shattered nerves. He was, probably, quite worn

out. Within the space, at the utmost, of twenty-five years, he had written thirty-seven known plays, one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, and two or more long poems; had passed through much and painful toil and through bitter sorrow; had made a fortune as author and actor; and had superintended, to advantage, his property in London and in Stratford and its neighborhood. The proclamation of health with which the Will begins was, probably, a formality of legal custom. The story that he died of drinking too hard, at a merry meeting with Drayton and Ben Jonson, is mere gossip. If in those last days of fatigue and presentiment he wrote the epitaph that has ever since marked his grave, it would naturally have taken the plainest fashion of speech. Such is its character, and no pilgrim to the poet's shrine could wish to see it changed:—

Good frend for Iesvs sake forbeare,
To digg the dvst encloased heare;
Blese be y^{e} man y^{t} spares thes stones
And cvrst be he y^{t} moves my bones.

It has been surmised that the poet's solicitude lest his bones might be disturbed in death grew out of his intention to take with him into the grave a confession that his works were written by another hand. Persons have been found who actually believe that a man who was great enough to write "Hamlet" could be little enough to feel ashamed of it, and, accordingly, that Shakespeare was only hired to play at authorship, as a screen for the actual author. It might not, perhaps, be strange that a desire for singularity, which is one of the worst of literary crazes, should prompt the rejection of the conclusive, overwhelming testimony to Shakespeare's genius that has been left by Shakespeare's contemporaries, and that shines forth in all that is known of his life. It is strange that a doctrine should get itself asserted which is subversive of reason and contradictory to every known law of the human mind. The conjectural confession of poetic imposture has never been exhumed. The grave is known to have been disturbed in 1796, when alterations were made in the church, and there

came a time when, as they were making repairs in the chancel pavement (the chancel was renovated in 1835), a rift was accidentally made in the Shakespeare vault. Through this, though not without misgiving, the sexton peeped in upon the poet's remains—and saw nothing but dust.

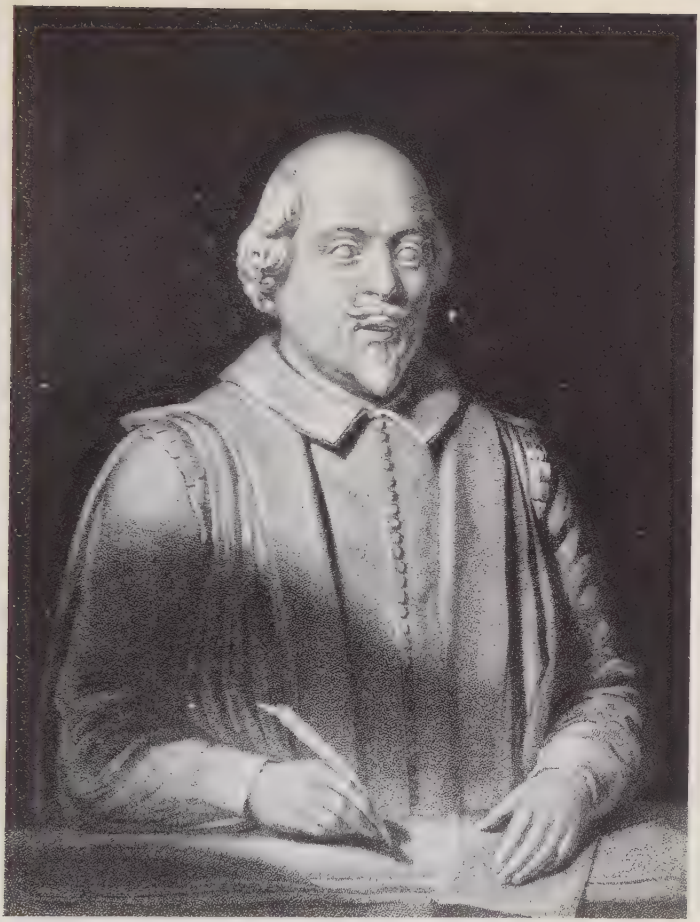
It was the opinion of Halliwell-Phillipps that at one or other of those "restorations" the original tombstone of Shakespeare was removed and another one, from the yard of a modern stone-mason, put in its place. Dr. Ingleby, in his book on "Shakespeare's Bones," 1883, asserts that the original stone was removed. I have compared Shakespeare's tombstone with that of his wife, and with others in the chancel, but I have not found the discrepancy observed by Halliwell-Phillipps, and I think there is no reason to believe that the original tombstone has ever been disturbed. The letters upon it were, probably, cut deeper in 1835.

The antique font from which the infant Shakespeare may have received the water of

Christian baptism is still preserved in the church. It was thrown aside and replaced by a new one, about the middle of the seventeenth century. Many years afterward it was found in the charnel-house. When that was destroyed, in 1800, it was cast into the churchyard. In later times the parish clerk used it as a trough to his pump. It passed then through the hands of several successive owners, till at last, in days that had learned to value the Past and the associations connected with its illustrious names, it found its way back again to the sanctuary from which it had suffered such a rude expulsion. It is still a handsome stone, though broken, soiled, and marred.

On the north wall of the chancel, above his grave and near to "the American window," is placed Shakespeare's monument, which is known to have been erected there within seven years after his death. It consists of a half-length effigy, placed beneath a fretted arch, with entablature and pedestal, between two Corinthian columns of black marble, gilded at

base and top. Above the entablature appear the armorial bearings of Shakespeare,—a pointed spear on a bend sable, and a silver falcon on a tasselled helmet supporting a spear. Over this heraldic emblem is a death's-head, and on each side of it is a carved cherub, one holding a spade, the other an inverted torch. In front of the effigy is a cushion, upon which both hands rest, holding a scroll and a pen. Beneath is an inscription, in Latin and English, supposed to have been furnished by the poet's son-in-law, Dr. Hall. The bust was cut by Gerard Jonson, a native of Amsterdam and by occupation a "tombe-maker," who lived in Southwark, and who, probably, had seen the poet. The material is a soft stone, and the work, when first set up, was painted in the colors of life. Its peculiarities indicate that it was copied from a mask of the features, taken after death, and some persons believe that this mask has since been found: a "death mask" was some time ago brought out of Germany, and busts of Shakespeare have been based upon it, by W. R. O'Donovan and by William



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

From the Bust by Gerard Jonson, "Tombe-Maker," in Stratford Church.

Great Poet! 'twas thy art
To know thyself and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart
Can make of man.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Page. In September, 1764, John Ward, grandfather of Mrs. Siddons, having come to Stratford with a theatrical company, gave a performance of "Othello," in the Guildhall, and devoted its proceeds to reparation of the Gerard Jonson effigy, then somewhat damaged by time. The original colors were then carefully restored and freshened. In 1793, under the direction of Malone, the bust, together with the image of John-a-Combe,—a recumbent statue upon a tomb near the east wall of the chancel,—was painted white. From that plight it was extricated, in 1861, by the assiduous skill of Simon Collins, who immersed it in a bath which took off the paint, and allowed a restoration of the original colors. The eyes are light hazel, the hair and pointed beard auburn, the face and hands flesh tint. The dress consists of a scarlet doublet, with a rolling collar, closely buttoned down the front, worn under a loose black gown without sleeves. The upper part of the cushion is green, the lower part crimson, and this object is ornamented with gilt tassels.

The stone pen that formerly was in the right hand of the bust was taken from it, toward the end of the eighteenth century by a careless visitor, and being dropped by him, upon the pavement, was broken. A quill pen has been substituted for it. This is the inscription, beneath the bust:—

Ivdicio Pylivm, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, popvlvs mæret, Olympvs habet.

Stay, passenger, why goest thov by so fast?
Read, if thov canst, whom enviovs Death hath plast
Within this monvment: SHAKSPEARE: with whome
Qvick Natvre dide; whose name doth deck y^{s} tombe
Far more than cost; sieth all y^{t} he hath writt
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his witt.

Obiit Año. Do^{i}. 1616.
Ætatis 53. Die. 23. Ap.

The erection of the old castles, cathedrals, monasteries, and churches of England was accomplished, little by little, with laborious toil protracted through many years. Stratford church, probably more than seven centuries

old, presents a mixture of architectural styles, in which Saxon simplicity and Norman grace are beautifully mingled. Different parts of the structure were built at different times. It is fashioned in the customary crucial form, with a square tower, an octagon stone spire (erected in 1764, to replace an old one, made of oak and covered with lead), and a fretted battlement around its roof. Its windows are diversified, but mostly Gothic. The approach to it is across a churchyard thickly sown with graves, through a lovely green avenue of lime-trees, leading to a porch on its north side. This avenue of limes is said to be the copy of one that existed there in Shakespeare's day, through which he must often have walked, and through which at last he was carried to his grave. Time itself has fallen asleep in this ancient place. The low sob of the organ only deepens the awful sense of its silence and its dreamless repose. Yews and elms grow in the churchyard, and many a low tomb and many a leaning stone are there, in the shadow, gray with moss and mouldering with age. Birds

have built their nests in many crevices in the timeworn tower, round which at sunset you can see them circle, with chirp of greeting or with croak of discontent. Near by flows the peaceful river, reflecting the gray spire in its dark, silent, shining waters. In the long and lonesome meadows beyond it the primroses stand, in their golden ranks among the clover, and the frilled and fluted bell of the cowslip, hiding the single drop of blood in its bosom, closes its petals as the night comes down.

Northward, at a little distance from the Church of the Holy Trinity, stands, on the west bank of the Avon, the Shakespeare Memorial. The plan of a Memorial was suggested in 1864, incidentally to the ceremonies which then commemorated the three-hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. Ten years later the site for this structure was presented to the town by Charles Edward Flower, one of its most honored inhabitants—since deceased. Contributions of money were then asked, and were given. Americans as well as English-

men contributed. On April 23, 1877, the first stone of the Memorial was laid. On April 23, 1880, the building was dedicated. The fabric comprises a theatre, a library, and a picture-gallery. In the library and picture-gallery are assembled books about Shakespeare, and paintings that illustrate his life and his works. As the years pass this will, more and more, become a principal depository of Shakespearean objects. The gardens that surround the Memorial will augment their loveliness in added expanse of foliage and in greater wealth of floral luxuriance. The mellow tinge of age will soften the bright tints of the red brick that mainly composes the building. On its cone-shaped turrets ivy will clamber and moss will nestle. When a few generations have passed, the old town of Stratford will have adopted this stranger into the race of her venerated antiquities. The same air of poetic mystery that rests now upon his cottage and his grave will diffuse itself around his Memorial, and a remote posterity, looking back to the men and the ideas of to-day, will remember

with grateful pride that the English-speaking people of the nineteenth century, although they could confer no honor upon the great name of Shakespeare, yet honored themselves by consecrating this votive temple to his memory.

SHAKESPEARE.

Still flows, rejoicing in one hallowed name,
The golden tide of reverence and acclaim;
Still, through long years, the lowly and the great
Around his shrine and in his temple wait.
And sure no holier impulse can impart
Exalted gladness to the reverent heart
Than this, which prompts its homage to one soul
That measur'd, sounded, and express'd the whole.

XV.

A GLIMPSE OF TEWKESBURY.

In the sunset glow of a June day I rested at the Hop-Pole in Tewkesbury, and saw, for the first time, the noble Abbey which is at once the glory of that ancient town and one of the grandest relics of feudal England. A vast, grim tower, flecked with dusky orange tints and gray with age, rears its majestic head above a cluster of red-brick dwellings, in a wide, green plain at the confluence of the Avon and the Severn, and, visible for many miles around, announces, with silent but moving eloquence, one of the most storied of English historic shrines. Old Tewkesbury, although not a very active town, is distinctly an emblem of to-day; and yet, amid all its romantic associations, its life of the passing hour seems to surge and break as at the base of monumental

ages, long gone and half forgotten. Various antique buildings of the town have been restored, and several timbered fronts of rare beauty diversify, among its habitations, a general prospect of tinted stucco, red brick, and the staring, shutterless windows that look like lidless eyes. Upon those picturesque homes the gaze of the traveller lingers with pleasure, while fancy, brooding on their quaintness, readily conjures up long vistas of mediæval dwellings, with, all about them, the steel-clad warriors of Lancaster and of York, in days when the Wars of the Roses were steeping England in blood and grief. Tewkesbury in its general aspect is modern, and yet it is backward to the stormy period of those bitter wars that it carries the pilgrim's thought. The Abbey is more than the town, and the distant past is more than the present. Dedicated in 1123, that Abbey was an old church (for it had already stood there during three centuries and a half), when the fierce battle between the armies of King Edward the Fourth and Queen Margaret raged around it,

and the house of Lancaster, in 1471, suffered such a crushing defeat. Yet it appears now much as, probably, it appeared then. Buildings, it is true, press closely upon every side of it and somewhat mar,—as they do at Lincoln,—an effect which, otherwise, would be that of superlative stateliness. Not every Gothic giant in the realm of England is as fortunate as Salisbury, or Canterbury, or Winchester, or, most favored of all, Durham, in charm of situation. Yet, in spite of a commonplace environment, the Abbey of Tewkesbury dominates the adjacent landscape, and no person who is capable of serious feeling can look without reverence upon that venerable church, there keeping its long, mysterious vigil among the labors, loves, sorrows, and evanescent nothings of an everyday world.

A mere musing wanderer among the relics of Long Ago must not presume to tell their story. It is not needed. Yet such a wanderer can be permitted to extol their grace and their glory, and commend them to other dreamers, like himself. In the little, winding

streets of Tewkesbury there was no crowd, as I rambled through them at nightfall, and there was but little motion or other sign of life; and at evening service in a chapel of the Abbey the worshippers were so few that the presence of a single stranger noticeably augmented the group. It was a solemn service, no doubt, but I could not much heed it, for thinking of the ghosts that were all around me, and of the gray magnificence of the church. Columns as grand can be seen at Durham,—of all the cathedrals of England the most grim and austere,—but neither at Durham nor elsewhere is the view of nave and choir more spacious, more celestial, or more stimulative of reverence, and not in any temple of religion have been effected interments more pathetic. There, beneath the tower, was laid the beloved Prince Edward, son of King Henry the Sixth, of whom, on a memorial brass in the pavement, it is sadly said that he "was cruelly slain whilst but a youth," and there, in a tomb at the back of the altar, in one of the most commodious Lady Chapels known to exist, lies

buried one of his reputed assassins, George, Duke of Clarence, Shakespeare's "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,"—himself the alleged victim of midnight murder in the Tower of London. In former days the interior of the tomb of Clarence was sometimes shown, and persons entering within it beheld the bones of the Duke and of his wife Isabella, daughter of the great Earl of Warwick, the king-maker, but that spectacle is no longer afforded. A rude drawing of the interior is, however, hung upon the tomb, showing the likeness of those relics, which are in a glazed box, affixed to the wall, at some height,—because in seasons when the Severn overflows its banks the vaults beneath the Abbey are occasionally inundated. Not distant from those royal persons rest other historic chieftains, the De Clares and the Despensers, at various times Earls of Gloucester, and several of them victims of the headsman's axe. One notable Despenser, in particular, is thought to lie there,—the youthful Hugh, who was the friend and favorite of King Edward the Second, and whom Roger Morti-

mer, predominant lover of Edward's queen, Isabella, caused to be dragged on a hurdle through the streets of Hereford (1326) and then barbarously hanged and quartered. Of Gilbert De Clare, tenth Earl of Gloucester and last of his house, who also lies buried at Tewkesbury, the traveller observes that he was slain at the battle of Bannockburn, and remembers him as a figure in Scott's poem of "The Lord of the Isles."

Every foot of the Abbey is historic; and when at length reluctantly you leave it a few steps will bring you to "the field by Tewkesbury," wherein the fight raged with its greatest fury, so that the Severn ran red with blood. Shakespeare, following, as he customarily did, the Tudor historians, makes that field the scene of the murder of Prince Edward. It is a peaceful place now, and when I walked upon it, at early morning, the sun was gilding its copious verdure of waving shade-trees and shining grass, the rooks were flying over it, with many a solemn caw, and the sleek cattle, feeding, or couched ruminant in careless groups,

COMPTON-WYNYATES, WARWICKSHIRE

And one, an English house—gray twilight poured
On dewy pastures, dewy trees
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.

TENNYSON.

were scattered all along its glittering, breezy plain. There is a tradition in Tewkesbury that the Lancastrian Prince of Wales was not murdered in the field, but in a house, then a palace, still extant, in the High Street, near the Cross,—a house now used for the display and sale of confectionery. Upon the floor of one of the rooms in that building blood-stains, said to be of great antiquity, are still visible. Such traces, indeed, the silent tokens of savage crime, cannot always be eradicated,—as the visitor can learn, by visual evidence, at such old houses as Clopton, near Stratford, and Compton-Wynyate, near Banbury,—the latter one of the most interesting mansions in England. It is a superstition in Tewkesbury that at midnight on May 7, in every year,—that being the anniversary of the Prince's assassination,—a spectral train, bearing his body, passes out of that house, to the solemn tolling of the Abbey bell, and vanishes. It is a cheerful place by daylight, with gaily trimmed casements, garnished counters, gleaming mirrors, and smiling girls; but, late at

night, when the shops were closed and the town was still, the region around the Cross, with its dark, lowering, timbered fronts, its gloomy windows, and its dusky passages, seemed indeed a fit haunt for phantoms, and the tale of the spectral obsequies was remembered more with a shudder than a smile.

There are pleasant walks about Tewkesbury. The town is not large, and its chief streets can be explored in a few hours. Most of its antique buildings are private. The Bell Inn stands at one end of it and the Bear Inn at the other,—both of them timber structures, that date back to Plantagenet times. Near the Bear is an ancient bridge, across the Avon, —a bridge curiously indented, as the old custom was, with triangular embrasures, in which the pedestrian can find refuge from horses and vehicles, upon the narrow roadway. Crossing that bridge, after sunset, I found a footpath through the meadows,—which are very extensive, and upon which it is impossible to build, so frequently are they overflowed,—and presently I came to Avonmouth and saw where

the waters of Shakespeare's river mingle with those of the Severn, and are carried onward to the all-embracing sea. The wide green fields were vacant, except for a silent angler here and there upon the river's brink. The distant town seemed asleep in the gloaming; the notes of a mellow chime floated out from the Abbey tower; and more near, the air was tremulous with the silver call of the lark. So, and of such antiquity and peace, that legendary city takes its place among the pictures that memory will always cherish. No traveller who rambles in the midlands of England, and especially no votary of Shakespeare, should omit the privilege of a prospect of Tewkesbury Abbey. Upon that scene the gaze of Shakespeare must have rested, and the genius of Shakespeare has made it immortal.

XVI.

LONDON ANTIQUITIES.

Old cities inevitably grow rich in association, and London, by reason of great extent as well as great antiquity, is, perhaps, richer in association than any other modern place associated with English history. The stranger scarcely takes a step without encountering a new object of interest. The walk along the Strand and Fleet Street, in particular, is continually on storied ground. Temple Bar still stands (1877), though "tottering to its fall," and marks the junction of the two streets. The effigies of King Charles the First and King Charles the Second, on its western front, would be remarkable anywhere, as characteristic sculptures. You stand beside that arch and quite forget the passing throng, and take no heed of the tumult around, as you think of

Dr. Johnson and his worshipper, Boswell, leaning against the Bar, after midnight, in a far-off time, and waking the echoes of the Temple with their boisterous laughter. The Bar is carefully propped, and they will nurse its age as long as they can, but it is an obstruction to travel, and must disappear. (Jt was removed in the summer of 1878, and set up at Theobald's Park, near Waltham.) They have left untouched a little piece of the original scaffolding built around St. Paul's, and that fragment of weather-stained wood can be seen, high up on the side of the Cathedral. The Rainbow, the Mitre, the Cheshire Cheese, the Cock, and the Round Table, taverns or public-houses that were frequented by the old Georgian wits, are still extant,—though doomed soon to perish. The Cheshire Cheese is scarcely changed from what it was when Johnson, Goldsmith, and their comrades ate beefsteak pie and drank porter there. The benches in that haunt are as uncomfortable as they well could be,—mere ledges of wood, on which the visitor sits bolt upright, in difficult perpen-

dicular; but antiquity has its practical uses as well as its charm of sentiment, and those relics, possessing intrinsic interest, especially for the literary pilgrim, enhance the allurement of the place. (Several of those festive resorts have vanished since these words were first published.)

The conservative principle of the English mind, if it has saved some trash, has saved much treasure. At the foot of Buckingham Street, in the Strand,—where was situated an estate of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, assassinated in 1628, whose tomb can be seen in the chapel of King Henry the Seventh, in the Abbey,—still stands the slowly crumbling ruin of the old Water Gate, often mentioned as the place where, in sterner times than ours, accused traitors were embarked for the Tower. The Thames formerly flowed up to that gate, but the land along its margin has been redeemed, and the magnificent Victoria and Albert embankments border the shores of the river, for a long distance on both sides. The Water Gate, in fact, stands in a little

park, on the north bank. Not far away is the Adelphi Terrace, where Garrick had a town-house, where he died, January 20, 1779, aged sixty-three, and where, on October 1, 1822, his widow expired, aged ninety-eight. That house is let, in "chambers," now. If you walk up the Strand toward Charing Cross you presently come to the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields,—one of the works of James Gibbs, a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren, and entirely worthy of that master's hand. The fogs have stained that building with such a deft touch as shows that the caprice of Nature can excel the best designs of art. Nell Gwynn's funeral occurred in that church, 1687, and no less a person than Tenison, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, preached the funeral sermon,—incurring a complaint, on that score, addressed to Queen Mary, who thereupon gently expressed her unshaken confidence in his virtue and wisdom. That prelate's dust reposes in Lambeth church, which can be seen, across the river, from this part of Westminster.

If you walk down the Strand, through Tem-

ple Bar, you presently reach the Temple, and nowhere else in London are the past and present more strangely confronted. The venerable church, so quaint with its cone-pointed turrets, was sleeping in the sunshine when first I saw it, sparrows were twittering around its spires and gliding in and out of the crevices in its ancient walls, while from within a strain of organ music, low and sweet, trembled forth, till the air became a benediction and every common thought and feeling was chastened away from mind and heart. The grave of Goldsmith is close to the pathway that skirts this church, on a terrace raised above the foundation of the building and above the little graveyard of the Templars, nestling at its base. As I stood beside the grave of that gentle poet it was impossible not to feel both grieved and glad,—grieved at the thought of his misfortunes; glad that time has given to him the reward he would most have prized, the affection of true hearts. A gray stone, coffin-shaped and marked with a cross, similar to the neighboring memorials of the Templars,

TEMPLE BAR, LONDON—1877

High over Temple Bar
And set in Heaven's third story,
I look at all things as they are,
But thought a kind of glory.

TENNYSON.

is imposed upon his sepulchre. One surface bears the inscription, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith"; the other presents the dates of birth and death: "Born November 10, 1728; died April 4, 1774." I saw, in fancy, the scene of his burial, when, around the open grave, on that tearful April evening, Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Beauclerc, Boswell, Davies, and the rest of that broken circle might have gathered (though, in fact, the mourners were few and undistinguished) to witness

> The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid
> And the last rites that dust to dust conveyed.

No place could be less romantic than Southwark is, but there are few places that possess a greater charm for the literary pilgrim. Old London Bridge there spanned the Thames in those days, and was the only road to the Surrey side of the river. The theatre stood near the end of the bridge, and thus was easy of access from the more thickly settled part of London. No trace of it remains, but a public-house, called the Globe, which was its name,

is near to its site, and the old church of St. Saviour's,—into which, probably, Shakespeare often entered,—still resists the encroachments of time and change. In Shakespeare's day there were houses on each side of London Bridge, and as he walked on the bank of the Thames he could look across to the Tower, and to Baynard Castle, which had been the residence of Richard, Duke of Glo'ster, and could see the lofty spire of old St. Paul's. The borough of Southwark was then thinly peopled. Many of its houses, as can be seen in an old picture of the city, were surrounded by fields or gardens, and the life of its inhabitants must have been comparatively rural. Now it is packed with buildings, gridironed with railroads, densely populated, and to the last degree resonant and feverish with action. Life swarms, traffic bustles, and travel thunders all round the cradle of the British Drama. The old church of St. Saviour's alone preserves the sanctity and stillness of the past. I made a pilgrimage to that shrine in the company of that kindly humorist, Arthur

Sketchley. (He died, November 13, 1882.) We embarked at Westminster Bridge and, crossing the river, landed near the church, and we were so fortunate as to obtain permission to enter it without a guide. The oldest portion is the Lady Chapel, a part of the sacred edifice which, in English cathedrals, is almost invariably placed behind the choir. Through this we strolled, alone and in silence. The pavement is a mass of tombstones, and through the tall, stained windows of the chapel a solemn light pours in upon the sculptured names of men and women long passed away. In one corner is an ancient stone coffin, a relic of the Roman days of Britain. This is the room in which Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, in the cruel days of bigoted Queen Mary, held his ecclesiastical court, and doomed many a dissentient devotee to the rack and the fagot. Here John Rogers was condemned,—to be burnt at the stake, in Smithfield, as shown in Fox's "Book of Martyrs." Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth may have entered this chapel. But it is in the choir

that the pilgrim pauses with most of reverence, for there, not far from the altar, he stands at the graves of Edmund Shakespeare, John Fletcher, and Philip Massinger. They rest almost side by side, and only their names and the dates of their death are cut in the tablets that mark their sepulchres. Edmund Shakespeare, younger brother of William, and, like him, an actor, died in 1607, aged twenty-seven. The great poet must have stood at that grave, and so the lover of Shakespeare comes near to the heart of the master, when he stands in that place. Massinger was buried there, March 18, 1638, the parish register recording him as "a stranger." Fletcher, of the Beaumont and Fletcher alliance, was buried there, in 1625. Beaumont's grave is in the Abbey. The dust of Henslowe, the manager, also rests beneath the pavement of St. Saviour's. Bishop Gardiner was buried there, with pompous ceremony, in 1555. The powerful prelate Lancelot Andrews, commemorated in a sonnet by Milton, found his grave there, in 1626. The royal poet, King James the First, of Scot-

land, was married there, in 1423, to Jane, daughter of the Earl of Somerset and niece of Cardinal Beaufort. In the south transept of the church is the tomb of John Gower, the poet,—whose carved and painted effigy reclines upon it. A formal, severe aspect he must have had, if he resembled that image. The tomb has been moved from the spot where first it stood,—a change compelled by a fire that destroyed part of the old church. It is said that Gower caused the tomb to be erected during his lifetime, so that it might be in readiness to receive his bones: the bones are lost, but the memorial remains,—sacred to the memory of the father of English Song. The tomb was restored by the Duke of Sutherland, in 1832. It is enclosed by a rail made of iron spears, painted brown and gilded at their points. I went into the new part of the church, and knelt in one of the pews and long remained there, impressed with thoughts of the past and of the transient, momentary nature of this our earthly life and the shadows that we pursue.

One droll object attracts a passing glance

in Southwark church,—a tomb commemorative of Dr. Lockyer, a maker of patent physic, in the time of King Charles the Second. This elaborate structure presents an effigy of the doctor, together with a sounding epitaph, declaring that

> His virtues and his pills are so well known
> That envy can't confine them under stone.

Shakespeare, it is declared, once lived in the borough of Southwark. Goldsmith practiced medicine there. Chaucer came there, with his Canterbury Pilgrims, and lodged at the Tabard Inn. It must have been a romantic place once. It is anything but romantic now.

Only a few fragments remain of Old St. Paul's,—the cathedral that Shakespeare knew,—which was burnt down, September 2, 1666. Some of them are in the churchyard and others are in the crypt. No indication exists of the place of the grave of John of Gaunt or of that of Sir Philip Sidney. The most interesting object that was rescued from the old church, at the time of the fire, is the

beautiful marble statue of the poet Donne, who had caused himself to be represented by a sculptured figure in a shroud. He was Dean of St. Paul's, from 1621 to 1631, dying in the latter year, aged fifty-eight. The statue is in a niche in the wall, in the south aisle of the chapel, and you will not see it unless you ask the privilege, the gate of that chancel being customarily kept locked.

XVII.

RELICS OF BYRON.

In the summer of 1877 an exhibition of relics of the poet Byron was, for a brief time, visible, in London, at the Albert Memorial Hall. The design of erecting a public monument to Byron had previously been projected, and a numerous committee of influential persons,—including Disraeli, Matthew Arnold, Lord Houghton, Swinburne, Wilkie Collins, and the American poets Bryant and Longfellow,—had effectively labored for its fulfilment. Models of statuary had been solicited and obtained, and one of them had been selected. The exhibition comprised seventy-four objects associated with the poet, mostly pieces of his personal property, and thirty-nine models for his monument. The relics, exclusive of busts and large paintings, were

enclosed in three glass cases, and by their variety, singularity, and suggestiveness of association they constituted a unique display, at once impressive and pathetic. One of them was a little locket, known to have been habitually worn by Byron, made of gold and shaped like a heart. Another was a crucifix, said to have been found in his bedroom at Missolonghi, after his death,—a fabric of ebony and metal, the upright shaft being about ten inches long, and the figure of Christ, and also cross-bones and a skull, at the feet of that figure, being of bronze. Still another was a huge wineglass, given by Byron to his butler, at Newstead Abbey, in 1815. Four articles of head-gear were conspicuous in one of the cabinets, two of them being helmets that Byron wore when in Greece, in 1824: one of them is, in color, light blue, the other dark green; both are embellished with bronze ornaments, and of both the aspect is faded. Near them were two of the poet's caps,—one designated a "boarding-cap," made of leather, trimmed with green velvet and studded with brass nails; the other made

of green velvet, encircled by a band of gilt braid and fronted with a large visor. The latter of those caps, which was worn by Byron when in Italy, appears in one of Count D'Orsay's well-known sketches of him, and that sketch happened to be included in the exhibition.

Among the trinkets were a gold ring, taken from the poet's hand, after death; a stout little silver watch, the face of it marked with Arabic numerals, that he carried when at school, at Harrow; two snuff-boxes; a meerschaum pipe, slightly colored by use,—though Byron was not a smoker; and the collar of his dog *Boatswain* (the animal whose monument and epitaph can be seen in the ruined part of Newstead), this relic being a circlet of brass, with sharply jagged points, turned outward. Five pieces of Byron's hair, two of them in one locket, supplied a particularly interesting feature of the memorial display. One of them, tied with a thread of white silk, had been loaned to the exhibition by Captain Edward John Trelawny, the astonishing person who states, in his book of "Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley

and Byron" (1858) that he uncovered the corpse of Byron in order "to confirm or remove my doubt as to the cause of his lameness"—that is, to ascertain, as subsequently he promulgated, the nature and extent of that physical deformity which embittered Byron's mind, and which, probably, was a principal incentive to his reckless conduct of life. All those tresses were considerably faded, presenting, in color, a mixture of auburn and gray. Byron's hair, apparently, was not of fine texture, and it must have turned gray early, seeing that he died in his thirty-seventh year. A specially significant relic (remembering that the poet was bred a Calvinist, and that he never entirely escaped from the trammels of that injurious form of superstition) was a copy of the New Testament, given to him by the pious gentlewoman whom he married, and by him given to Lady Caroline Lamb: it is a small volume, bound in black leather, and upon a fly-leaf at the front of it, written in a stiff, formal hand, could be read the words: "From a sincere and anxious friend."

The most remarkable objects shown were the manuscripts,—including the original draft of the Third Canto of "Childe Harold," written on loose sheets, in May and June, 1816, and in that form sent to John Murray, for publication; the first draft of the Fourth Canto of that wonderful poem, together with a copy of it, in Byron's hand, and the letter of dedication to Hobhouse, afterward Lord Broughton,—the best friend that the poet ever had, and, as his writings show, one of the wisest and best of men; the author's Notes to his favorite tragedy, "Marino Faliero"; the closing "stage directions," a blotted scrawl, to his dramatic poem called "Heaven and Earth"; a document that he wrote, in 1817, relative to his domestic troubles; and about twenty of his letters. The passages of "Childe Harold" that could be read, through the glass which covered them, are those beginning: "Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain," Canto iii. stanza 4; "To bear unbent what Time cannot abate," canto iii., stanza 7, changed, in the printed copy, to "In strength to bear what Time

cannot abate"; and, in Canto Fourth, stanzas 118 to 129 inclusive,—beginning "Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover," and ending "Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower." The hand-writing, obviously that of a nervous, impetuous person, agitated and in tumultuous haste, is firm and free, and it remains legible, upon paper that is yellow with age. Those manuscripts seemed touchingly expositive of the genius, the wretched experience, the suffering, and the turbulent career of their marvellous and most unfortunate writer. No person acquainted with Byron's story and appreciative of his works could look, without mingled wonder and pity, upon relics thus intimately associated with one of the greatest poets that have ever lived.

The collection of memorials was still further augmented by Thorwaldsen's noble bust of Byron, made for Hobhouse; the bust carved by Bartolini, approved by the Countess Guiccioli as a faithful portrait; and the superb painting by Thomas Phillips, which hangs in the great hall of Newstead Abbey, and which

Sir Walter Scott, who well knew the poet's face, declared to be the best likeness of him ever made. George Cattermole's sketch of him was also shown,—a picture which signifies, on the part of the artist, a sympathetic comprehension of the subject, for it expresses a dauntless spirit shining through sorrow: but no enthusiast of Byron, who has seen the Phillips portrait, as it looks at the observer from the wall at Newstead, could be quite content with any other. The London monument to Byron, a statue by Richard Belt, was placed and dedicated in May, 1880, in Hamilton Gardens, near Hyde Park Corner, within view of the house, No. 139 Piccadilly, in which Byron and his wife resided, in which their daughter, Ada, was born, and in which they parted, never to meet again. That statue presents a seated figure, of the young sailor species. The right hand is raised, to support the chin, while the left hand, resting on the left knee, holds an open book and a pencil. The attitude is supposed to illustrate the stanza of "Childe Harold" beginning "To sit on rocks, to muse

LORD BYRON

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
SHELLEY.

o'er flood and fell." The dress consists of a loose shirt or jacket (when in Italy he often wore a tartan jacket, of the Gordon plaid), that garment open at the throat and on the bosom, a flowing neck-cloth, and trousers wide at the foot. The subject is treated in a free, bold manner, and with skill, and the work has the merit of romantic charm, but it does not impart a just sense of Byron's stalwart intellect and character. He was a very great poet,—a great sinner and a great sufferer. "He did strange things," one Englishman said to me, "and there was something queer about him,"—meaning, perhaps, a taint of lunacy: facile explanation of all departure from the conventional standard!

In 1877 the house in which Byron was born, No. 24 Holles Street, Cavendish Square, was standing, and it had been marked by a tablet, bearing his name and the dates of his birth and death: 1788-1824. It was occupied, at that time, by a descendant of Elizabeth Fry, the philanthropist. In 1890 it was torn down, and the site of it is covered now by a

huge shop. When Byron was at school in Dulwich Grove, his mother lived in a house in Sloane Terrace. Other London houses associated with him are No. 8 St. James Street; a lodging in Bennett Street; No. 2 The Albany,—a lodging that he rented of Lord Althorpe, and moved into on March 28, 1814, and where he wrote "The Corsair" and "Lara"; and No. 139 Piccadilly. The latter house, which I had the pleasure of visiting, before it had undergone any alteration, was once the residence of that fine scholar and journalist, the genial Sir Algernon Borthwick, now deceased. John Murray's house, from which most of Byron's works were sent forth and in which his Autobiography was burned, is extant, unchanged, in Albemarle Street. Byron's body, when brought home from Greece, lay in state, at No. 25 Great George Street, Westminster, before being taken north to Hucknall-Torkard church, in Nottinghamshire, for burial. Such are a few of the London associations with his illustrious name.

XVIII.

HIGHGATE AND COLERIDGE.

One of the most impressive of the many literary pilgrimages that I made in London and its neighborhood was that which brought me to the house in which Coleridge died, and the place where he was buried. The student needs not to be told that this poet, born in 1772, the year after Gray's death, bore the white lilies of pure literature till 1834, when he also entered into rest. The last nineteen years of the life of Coleridge were passed in a house at Highgate, and there, within a few steps of each other, the visitor can see his dwelling and his tomb. The house is one in a block of dwellings, situated in what is called the Grove,—a broad, embowered street, a little way from the centre of the village. There are gardens attached to those houses, both in the front and

the rear, and the smooth, peaceful roadside walks in the Grove itself are pleasantly shaded by elms of noble size and abundant foliage. Those were young trees when Coleridge saw them, and all this neighborhood, in his day, was thinly settled. Looking from his chamber window he could see the dusky outlines of sombre London, crowned with the dome of St. Paul's, on the southern horizon, while, more near, across a fertile, smiling valley, the gray spire of Hampstead church would bound his prospect, rising above the verdant woodland of Caen. In front were beds of flowers, and he could hear the songs of birds that filled the fragrant air with careless music. Not far away stood the old church of Highgate, long since destroyed, in which he used to worship, and close by was the Gate House Inn, primitive, quaint, and cosey, which still is standing, to comfort the weary traveller with its hospitality. Highgate, however rural, must have been a lively place in former times, for all the travel went through it that passed either into or out of London by the great north road,—

that road in which Whittington heard the prophetic summons of the bells, and where can be seen, suitably and rightly marked, the place of the stone on which he sat, to rest. At Highgate the coaches were stopped, to change horses, and there the many neglected little taverns still remaining, with odd names and swinging signs, testify to the discarded customs of a bygone age. Some years ago a new road was made, so that travellers might wind around the hill, and avoid climbing the steep ascent to the village, and since then grass has grown in the streets. But such bustle as once enlivened the solitude of Highgate could never have been other than agreeable to its inhabitants; while for Coleridge, as can be imagined, the London coach was welcome indeed, that brought to his door such loved friends as Charles Lamb, Joseph Henry Green, Crabb Robinson, Wordsworth, and Talfourd. "Come in the first stage" (so he wrote, to Crabb Robinson,—that "mine of memories,"—in June, 1817), "so as either to walk, or be driven in Mr. Gilman's gig, to Caen Wood and

its delicious groves and alleys, the finest in England, a grand cathedral aisle of giant lime-trees."

To that retreat the author of "The Ancient Mariner" retired, in 1815, to live with his friend James Gilman, a doctor, who had undertaken to rescue him from the demon of opium. It was his last refuge, and he never left it till he was released from life. As you ramble in that quiet neighborhood your fancy will not fail to conjure up his placid figure,—the silver hair, the pale face, the great, luminous, change-ful, blue eyes, the somewhat portly form, clothed in black raiment, the slow, feeble walk, the sweet, benignant manner, the voice that was perfect melody, and the inexhaustible talk that was the flow of a golden sea of eloquence, learning, and wisdom. Coleridge was often seen walking there, with a book in his hand, and the children of the village knew and loved him. His presence is impressed upon the place, to haunt and to hallow it. He was a very great man. The wings of his imagination wave easily in the opal air of the highest heaven.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

O capacious soul!
Placed on this earth to love and understand
And from thy presence shed the light of love.

WORDSWORTH.

The power and majesty of his thought are such as irresistibly establish in the human mind the conviction of personal immortality. Yet, how forlorn the ending of his days! For more than thirty years Coleridge was the slave of opium. It blighted his home; it alienated his wife; it ruined his health; it made him utterly wretched. "I have been, through a large portion of my later life," he wrote, in 1834, "a sufferer, sorely afflicted with bodily pains, languor, and manifold infirmities." But, more afflicting and harder to bear, was he not the victim of some ingrained perversity of the mind, some helpless, hopeless irresolution of character, some enervating spell of that sublime yet pitiable dejection of *Hamlet,* which kept him always at war with himself, and, finally, cast him out upon the homeless ocean of despair, to drift away into ruin and death? There are shapes more saddening than his, in the records of literary history,—the ravaged, agonizing form of Swift, and the proud, desolate face of Byron; but there is no figure more pathetic.

In that way the memory of Coleridge came upon me, standing at his grave. He should have been laid in some wild, free place, where the grass could grow above him and the trees could wave their branches over his head. He was placed in a ponderous tomb, of gray stone, in Highgate churchyard, and a new building has been reared above it (the grammar-school of the village) so that now the tomb, fenced round with iron, is in a cold, barren, gloomy crypt, accessible, indeed, from the churchyard, through several arches, but grim and doleful in its surroundings, as if the cruel fate that marred his life were still triumphant over his ashes.

Among the most imaginative and affecting of the poems of Wordsworth there is one, concerning the burial of Ossian, that glances at the theme of fitness in a place of sepulchre. Not always, for the ashes of famous persons, has the repository been well chosen. The lover of the poetry of Shelley and of Keats reflects, with a sense of its peculiar propriety, on their entombment within the hallowed precincts of

poetic Rome. It is felt to be right that the dust of Dean Stanley should rest with that of poets and of kings; and to see, as I did, only a little while ago, fresh flowers on his tomb in the Abbey, was to be conscious of solemn content. The sight of Shakespeare's grave, in the chancel of Stratford Church, awakens the same tender sentiment, and it is with kindred emotion that you linger at the peaceful resting place of Gray: but surely it is pitiful that poor Letitia Landon should have been laid beneath the pavement of a barrack, in a strange country, far from the violets and roses of the England she loved so well. It might almost be thought that the evil spirit of calamity, which follows certain persons throughout the whole of life, had pursued them even in death, to haunt their repose and to mar all the gentleness of association that ought to hallow it. Chatterton, a pauper and a suicide, was huddled into a workhouse graveyard, the place of which has been obliterated and is unknown. Otway, miserable in his love for the beautiful actress Elizabeth Barry, died in

abject penury, and was buried in a vault beneath the church of St. Clement Danes, in the middle of the Strand, where there is no rustle of green leaves, and where the tumult of the great city is at its height. Henry Mossop, one of the stateliest of stately actors, in the brilliant period of Garrick and Foote, perished of poverty and grief, and was laid to rest in a dismal churchyard at Chelsea. Theodore Hook, one of the brightest spirits of his time, or of any time, who filled every hour with the sunshine of wit and was degraded and ruined by his own brilliancy, rests under the shadow of Fulham church, in one of the dreariest spots in the suburbs of London. It does not much signify, perhaps, when the play is over, in what place the relics of our mortality are bestowed; and yet, to most human beings, those relics seem sacred, and many a fond heart, in all the continuity of time, will choose a scene of beauty, and therefore of peace, for the interment of the dead. There is neither peace nor beauty at the grave of Coleridge.

XIX.

BARNET BATTLE-FIELD.

In England, as elsewhere, every historic spot is occupied, and it sometimes happens, at such a spot, that its association is marred and its sentiment almost destroyed by the presence of the persons and the interests of to-day. The visitor to such places must carry with him not only knowledge and sensibility but imagination and patience. He will not find the way strewn with roses, nor the atmosphere of poetry ready-made for his enjoyment. That atmosphere, indeed, for the most part, especially in the cities, he must himself supply. Relics do not robe themselves for exhibition. The Past is utterly indifferent to its worshippers. Many little obstacles will arise before the pilgrim, to thwart him in his search. The mental strain and bewilderment, the inevitable

physical weariness, the soporific influence of the climate, the tumult of the streets, the disheartening spectacle of poverty, squalor, and vice, the capricious and untimely rain, the inconvenience of long distances, the ill-timed arrival and consequent disappointment, the occasional nervous sense of loneliness and insecurity, the inappropriate boor, the ignorant, garrulous porter, the extortionate cabman, and the jeering bystander,—all these must be regarded with resolute indifference by him who would ramble, pleasantly and profitably, in the footprints of English history. Everything depends upon the eyes with which you observe and the spirit which you impart. Never was a more significant truth uttered than in the couplet of Wordsworth:

> Minds that have nothing to confer
> Find little to perceive.

To the philosophic stranger, however, even the prosaic occupancy of historic places is not without its pleasurable, because humorous, meaning. Such an observer in England will

sometimes be amused as well as impressed by a sudden sense of the singular incidental position into which,—partly through the lapse of years, and partly through a peculiarity of national character,—the scenes of famous events, not to say the events themselves, have gradually drifted. I thought of this one night, when, in Whitehall Gardens, I was looking at the statue of King James the Second, and a courteous policeman came up and silently turned the light of his "bull's-eye" on the inscription. A scene of more incongruous elements, or one suggestive of a more serio-comic contrast, could not be imagined. I thought of it again when standing on the village green of Barnet, and viewing, amid surroundings both pastoral and ludicrous, the column which there commemorates the defeat and death of the great Earl of Warwick, and, consequently, the final triumph of the Crown over the last of the great Barons of England.

It was toward the close of a cool summer day, and of a long drive through the beautiful hedgerows of sweet, verdurous Middlesex, that

I came to the villages of Barnet and Hadley, and went over the field of King Edward's victory,—that fatal, glorious field, on which Glo'ster showed such resolute valor, and where Warwick, dauntless and magnificent in disaster, fought on foot, to make sure (if all were to be lost) that himself might go down in the stormy death of all his hopes. More than four hundred years have drifted by since that misty April morning when the star of Warwick was quenched in blood, and ten thousand men were slaughtered to end the strife between the Barons and the Crown; yet the results of that conflict are living facts in the government of England now, and in the fortunes of her inhabitants. If you were unaware of the solid simplicity and proud reticence of the English character,—leading it to merge all its shining deeds in one continuous fabric of achievement, like jewels set in a cloth of gold,—you might expect to find this spot adorned with a structure of more than common splendor. The mark that you do find there is a plain monument, standing in the middle of a common, at

the junction of several roads,—the chief of which are those leading to Hatfield and St. Albans, in Hertfordshire,—and on one side of that column you can read, in letters of faded black, the comprehensive statement that "Here was fought the famous battle between Edward the Fourth and the Earl of Warwick, April 14th, anno 1471, in which the Earl was defeated and slain."

In my reverie, standing at the foot of that weather-stained monument, I saw the long range of Barnet hills, mantled with grass and flowers and with the golden haze of a morning in spring, swarming with gorgeous horsemen and glittering with spears and banners; and I heard the vengeful clash of arms, the horrible neighing of maddened steeds, the furious shouts of onset, and all the nameless cries and groans of battle, commingled in a hideous yet thrilling din. Here rode the handsome, stalwart, intrepid King Edward, with his proud, cruel smile and his long yellow hair; there Warwick swung his great, two-handed sword, and mowed his foes like grain; and there the fiery

form of Richard, splendid in burnished steel, darted like a scorpion, dealing death at every blow, till, at last, in fatal mischance, the sad star of Oxford, assailed by its mistaken friends, was swept out of the field, and the fight drove, raging, into the valleys of Hadley. How strangely, though, did this fancied picture contrast with the actual scene before me! At a little distance, all around the village green, the embowered cottages kept their peaceful watch. Over the careless, straggling grass went the shadow of a passing cloud. Not a sound was heard, except the rustle of leaves and the low laughter of some little children, playing near the monument. Close by and at rest was a flock of geese, couched upon the cool earth, and, as is the custom of those birds, supremely contented with themselves and the world: and at the foot of the column, stretched out at full length, in tattered garments that scarcely covered his nakedness, reposed a British laborer, fast asleep upon the sod. No more Wars of the Roses now, but calm retirement, smiling plenty, cool western winds, and sleep and peace.

XX.

STOKE-POGIS AND GRAY.

It is a cool afternoon in July, and the shadows are falling eastward on fields of waving grain and lawns of emerald velvet. Overhead a few light clouds are drifting, and the green boughs of the great elms are gently stirred by a breeze from the west. Across one of the more distant fields a large flock of rooks, some of them fluttering and cawing, wings its melancholy flight. There is the sound of the whetting of a scythe, and, near by, the twittering of many birds upon a cottage roof. On either side of the country road, which runs like a white rivulet through banks of green, the hawthorn hedges are shining and the bright sod is spangled with all the wild-flowers of an English summer. An odor of lime-trees and of new-mown hay sweetens the

air, for miles around. Far off, on the horizon's verge, just glimmering through the haze, rises the imperial citadel of Windsor, and close by the roadside a little child points to a gray spire peering out of a nest of ivy, and tells me that this is Stoke-Pogis church.

If peace dwells anywhere upon the earth its dwelling-place is here. You come into this little churchyard by a pathway across the park and through a wooden turnstile, and in one moment the world is left behind and forgotten. Here are the nodding elms; here is the yew-tree's shade; here "heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap." All these graves seem very old. The long grass waves over them, and some of the low stones that mark them are entirely shrouded in ivy. Many of the "frail memorials" are made of wood. None of them is neglected or forlorn, but all of them seem to have been scattered here, in that sweet disorder which is the perfection of rural loveliness. There never could have been any thought of creating this effect, yet here it remains, to win your heart: and here, amid this mournful

STOKE-POGIS CHURCH

By contemplation's eye severely viewed
Each lowly object wears an awful mien:
'Tis our own blindness veils the latent good:
The works of Nature need but to be seen.
Thou sawest her beaming from the hamlet spires,
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
Where now, still faithful to their wonted fires,
Thy own dear ashes are forever laid.

beauty, the little church nestles close to the ground, while every tree that waves its branches around it, and every vine that clambers on its walls, seem to clasp it in the arms of love. Nothing breaks the silence but the sighing of the wind in the great yew-tree at the church door,—beneath which was the poet's favorite seat, and where the brown needles, falling, through many an autumn, have made a dense carpet on the turf. Now and then there is a faint rustle in the ivy; a fitful bird-note serves only to deepen the stillness; and from a rose-tree near at hand a few leaves flutter down, in soundless benediction on the dust beneath.

Gray was laid in the same grave with his mother, "the careful, tender mother of many children, one alone of whom," as he wrote upon her gravestone, "had the misfortune to survive her." Their tomb,—a low, oblong, brick structure, covered with a large slab,—stands a few feet away from the church wall, upon which is a tablet to denote its place. The poet's name has not been inscribed above

him. There was no need here of "storied urn or animated bust." The place is his monument, and the solemn Elegy,—giving to the soul of the place a form of seraphic beauty and a voice of celestial music,—is his immortal epitaph.

> There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
> By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
> The redbreast loves to build and warble here,
> And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

There is a monument to Gray, in Stoke Park, about two hundred yards from the church, but it seems commemorative of the builder rather than the poet. They intend to set a memorial window in the church, to honor him, and the visitor finds there a money-box for the reception of contributions in aid of this good design. Nothing will be done amiss that serves to direct closer attention to his life. It was one of the best lives ever recorded in the history of literature, because it was pure, noble, and beautiful. In two qualities, sincerity and reticence, it was exemplary almost beyond a parallel; and those are

qualities that literary character, in the present day, has great need to acquire. Gray was averse to publicity. He did not sway by the censure of other men, neither did he need their admiration as his breath of life. Poetry, to him, was a great art, and he added nothing to literature until he had made it as nearly perfect as it could be made by the thoughtful, laborious exertion of his best powers, superadded to the spontaneous impulse and flow of his genius. More voluminous writers, Charles Dickens among the rest, have sneered at him because he wrote so little. The most colossal form of human complacency is that of the individual who thinks all other creatures inferior who happen to be unlike himself. Reticence on the part of Gray was, in fact, the emblem of his sincerity and one compelling cause of his imperishable renown. There is a better thing than the great man who is always speaking, and that is the great man who only speaks when he has a great word to say. Gray has left only a few poems, but of his principal works each is supreme in its kind.

He did not test merit by reference to ill-formed, capricious public opinion, but he wrought according to the highest standards of art that learning and taste could furnish. His letters form an English classic. There is no purer prose in existence; there is not much that is as pure. But the crowning glory of Gray's nature, the element that makes it so impressive, the charm that brings the pilgrim to Stoke-Pogis church to muse upon it, was the self-poised, sincere, lovely exaltation of its contemplative spirit. He was a man whose conduct of life would, first of all, purify, expand, and adorn the temple of his soul, out of which should, afterward, freely flow those choral harmonies that soothe, guide, and exalt the human race. He lived before he wrote. The soul of the Elegy is the soul of the man. It was his thought,—which he has somewhere expressed in better words than these,—that human beings are only at their best while such feelings endure as are engendered when death has just taken from them the object of their love. That was the point of view from

OAK AND BEECHES, BURNHAM WOOD, NEAR STOKE

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

GRAY.

which, habitually, he looked upon the world; and no man who has learned the lessons of experience can doubt that he was right.

Gray was twenty-six years old when he wrote the first draft of the Elegy. He began that poem in 1742, at Stoke-Pogis, and he finished and published it in 1751. No visitor to this churchyard can miss either its inspiration or its imagery. The poet has been dead more than a hundred years, but the scene of his rambles and reveries has suffered no material change. One of his yew-trees, indeed, much weakened with age, was some time ago blown down in a storm, and its fragments were carried away. The picturesque manor house, not far distant, was once the home of Admiral Penn, father of William Penn, the famous Quaker. All the trees of the region have grown and expanded,—including the neighboring beeches of Burnham, among which he loved to wander, and where he might often have been found, sitting at some gnarled wreath of "old fantastic roots"; but in its general characteristics, its rustic homeliness and

peaceful beauty, this "glimmering landscape," immortalized in his verse, is the same on which his living eyes have looked. There was no need to seek for him in any special spot. The house in which he once lived might, no doubt, be discovered; but every nook and vista, every green lane and upland lawn and ivy-mantled tower of this delicious solitude is haunted with his presence. William Penn and his children are buried in a little Quaker graveyard, at a place called Jordan's, not many miles from Stoke. The visitor to Stoke-Pogis should not omit a visit to Upton church, Burnham village, and Binfield. Pope lived in Binfield when he wrote his poem on Windsor Forest. Upton claims to have had a share in the inspiration of the Elegy, but Stoke-Pogis was Gray's place of residence when he wrote it. Langley Marish ought to be visited also, and Horton,—where Milton wrote "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Comus." Chalfont St. Peter is accessible, where still is standing the house in which Milton finished "Paradise Lost" and began "Paradise Regained," and from there

a short drive will take you to Beaconsfield, where you can see Edmund Burke's tablet, in the church, and the monument to Waller in the churchyard.

The night is coming on and the picture will soon be dark, but never, while memory lasts, can it fade out of the heart. What a blessing would be ours, if only we could hold forever that exaltation of the spirit, that sweet resignation, that pure freedom from all the passions of humanity and all the cares of life, which come upon us in such a place as the scene of Gray's immortal poem! But that is impossible. Even with the thought this golden mood begins to melt away; even with the thought comes our dismissal from its influence. Nor will it avail us now to linger at the shrine. Fortunate is he, though in bereavement and regret, who parts from beauty while yet her kiss is warm upon his lips,—waiting not for the last farewell word, hearing not the last notes of the music, seeing not the last gleam of sunset, as the light dies from the sky. It was a sad parting, but the memory of the

place can never be despoiled of its loveliness. As I write these words I stand again in the cool, dusky silence of the poet's church, with its air of stately age and its fragrance of cleanliness, while the light of the western sun, broken into rays of gold and ruby, streams through the painted windows and softly falls upon the quaint little galleries and decorous pews; and, looking forth through the low, arched door, I see the dark, melancholy boughs of the dreaming yew-tree, and, nearer, a shadow of rippling leaves in the clear sunshine of the churchyard path: and all the time a gentle voice is whispering, in the chambers of thought:

> No farther seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,—
> (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
> The bosom of his Father and his God.

TOMB OF THOMAS GRAY, STOKE-POGIS CHURCHYARD

Large was his soul, as large as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here,
High as the place 'twas soon in Heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave.

COWLEY.

XXI.

A GLIMPSE OF ELY.

Gray and sombre London, gloomy beneath vast clouds of steel and bronze, is once more left. Old Highgate flits by and we roll through the network of little towns that fills all the space between Hornsey and Tottenham. The country along our course is one of exceptional interest, and but that Buggins the Builder has marred it, by making the houses alike, it would be one of peculiar beauty. Around Tottenham the dwellings are interspersed with meadows, and there are market-gardens and nurseries of flowers,—the bright green of carrot-tops and of the portly cabbage being pleasantly relieved by masses of brilliant hollyhock. Broad fields ensue, cultivated to the utmost and smiling with plenty, and around some of the houses there are beautiful green

lawns, divided with hedges of hawthorn. The country, for the most part, is level, and a fine effect is produced upon the landscape by single tall trees or by isolated groups of them, especially where the plain slopes gently toward gleaming river and bird-haunted vale. Everywhere the aspect is that of prosperity and bloom. The sun has pierced the clouds and is faintly lighting with a golden haze this shadowy summer scene of loveliness and peace. In the distance are several small streams, dark, bright, and still, and near them many white and brown cattle, conspicuous in a sudden burst of sunshine, are couched under the trees. A little canal-boat, gayly painted, red and green, moves slowly through the plain, and over the harvest fields the omnipresent rook wings a solemn flight or perches on the yellow sheaves. Chingford has been left to the east,—where you can explore one of the most picturesque ruined churches in England, and where they show you a hunting-lodge that once was owned and used by Queen Elizabeth,—and Enfield has been left, to the west, where

the nettles grow rank on the low grave of Charles Lamb, within the shadow of the dark church-tower that reverberated with his funeral knell. White Webs has been passed, with its associations of Father Barnet and of the Gunpowder Plot, and passed also is Ponder's End, with its relics and memories of the baleful Judge Jeffreys. At Rye House the pilgrim remembers the plan that was hatched there to murder King Charles the Second, and thinks of the miserable death of Lord William Russell upon the block in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Bishop's Stortford brings thought of the cruel Bishop Bonner. But the beauty of nature triumphs over the depravity of man, and in this verdant, blooming region itself there is no hint of a wicked heart or a sinister action.

The church at Bishop's Stortford crowns a fine eminence, and near that place an old brick windmill and many black cattle make a striking picture in the gentle landscape. The pretty villages of Stanstead and Elsenham glide by, and, as they pass, the wanderer's gaze rests dreamily on tiny red cottages with lich-

ened roofs, and on the broad, fertile farms that surround them. Between Audley End and Cambridge there is a long stretch of country that contains only farms and villages, —the cultivation of the land being thorough and the result a picture of contentment and repose. Presently the country grows more hilly, and under clouds of steel the landscape is swept by a cool, fragrant wind, bringing dashes of sudden rain. Hedges are abundant. Many flocks of sheep are seen in the pastures. Fine farm-houses appear and signs of opulence are all around them. Wooden windmills rise, picturesque upon the heights, and the eye rests delightedly on long rows of the graceful Lombardy poplar. White roads are visible, here and there, winding away into the distance, and many kinds of trees abound; yet everywhere there is an ample prospect. At Shelford comes a burst of sunshine, and looking toward the horizon I see tall trees that stand like sentinels around the lovely plain of classic Cambridge, where soon I am to wander among such stately haunts of learning as will fire the imagina-

tion and fill the memory with scenes of majesty and thoughts of intellectual achievement and renown that words are powerless to describe or express. But the aspect of Cambridge, as now we glide along its margin, gives no hint of the magnificence within its borders. Beyond it, still flying northward, we traverse a flat country and see long roads bowered with trees, deep emerald verdure, banks of white daisies and red clover, gardens brilliant with scarlet-runners, sunflowers, and marigolds, rooks at their customary occupation of feeding,—provident, vigilant, sagacious, and singularly humorous,—artistic forms of hay-ricks, some circular, some cone-shaped, some square with bevelled edges, and in the long, yellow fields the mowers at their work, some swinging their scythes and some pausing to rest. Those, and others like them, are the laborers whose slow, patient toil, under guidance of refined taste, has gradually transformed much of England into a garden of beauty and delight, for in every part of that country industry is incessant, and hand-in hand with industry goes thrift.

A vast gray tower rising superbly out of a dense mass of green, glistening foliage, a gray spire near at hand, visible amid a cluster of red and wrinkled roofs, and over all a flood of sunshine,—and this is Ely! I had not been an hour in the town before I had climbed to the summit of the western tower of the cathedral, and gazed out upon the green and golden plains of Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, and Northampton, lit by the afternoon sun and blazing with light and color, for thirty miles around. Far to the northwest you can just discern the black tower of Peterborough. North and east, at a still greater distance, a dim gray shape indicates the ramparts of Norwich. Thirty miles northward rise the spires of Lynn. Those you cannot see, but the wash of the Northern Ocean breaks in music on that delicious coast, and the wild sea-breeze, sweeping over the moors and fens, cools the whole land and stirs its sun-lit foliage till it seems to sparkle with joyous life. The Ouse winds through the plain, at some distance, south and east,—dark and shining in the glow of the

autumn afternoon,—while, gliding between hedges, in the west and south, come little railway trains, from Cambridge and Saint Ives. Nearer, far below, and nestling around the great church, are the cosey dwellings of the clean, quiet town,—one of the neatest, most orderly, most characteristic towns in England. Houses, streets, and trees commingle in the picture, and you discern that the streets are irregular and full of pleasing curves, the buildings being mostly made of light-gray or tawny yellow brick, and roofed with slate or with brown tiles that the action of the weather has curiously wrinkled and the damp has marked with lichen and moss. At this dizzy height you are looking down even upon that colossal octagon tower, the famous lantern of Ely (built by Prior Alan de Walsingham, a little after 1322), which is one of the marvels of ecclesiastical architecture. It is a prospect at once of extraordinary rural sweetness, religious pomp, and august, solemn antiquity. It is a pageant of superb modern civilization and refinement, and yet, as you gaze upon it, you

forget all that is contemporary, and seem to be standing among the phantom shapes and in the haunted cloisters of the Middle Ages.

Each of the great abbeys of England has its distinctive character. The beauty of Ely is uniqueness combined with magnificence. That cathedral is not only glorious, it is also strange. The colossal porch, the stupendous tower, the long nave with its marvellous painted ceiling, the vast central octagon, the uncommon size and the unusual position of the Lady Chapel, the massive buttresses, the delicate yet robust beauty of the flanking turrets, the wealth of carved niches and pinnacles,—all those elements of splendor unite to dazzle the vision and overwhelm the mind. Inside the church there is nothing to obstruct your view of it, from end to end; the Gothic architecture is not overladen, as in so many other cathedrals in Europe, with inharmonious Grecian monuments; and when you are permitted to sit there, in the stillness, with no sound of a human voice and no purl of theological prattle to call you back to earth, you must indeed be

hard to impress if your thoughts are not centred upon heaven. It is the preacher, in his showy vestments, it is man, with his vanity and folly, that humiliates the reverent pilgrim, in such holy places as this, by insistent contrast of conventional littleness with all that is celestial in the grand architectural results of the inspiration of genius. When I remember what glorious places have been almost ruined for me by incessant human gabble I know not whether the sentiment that predominates is resentment or despair. But for every true worshipper the moment of solitude comes, and with it comes the benediction of beauty. During some part of the night I stood at a window, in the Lamb, and looked at the great cathedral, silent and sombre under the cold light of the stars. The wind was blowing, fresh and strong. The streets were deserted. The lights had been put out and the people had gone to rest. But it did not seem that the ancient church is a dead thing, or that slumber ever comes to it, or weakness, or forgetfulness. It keeps an eternal vigil, watch-

ful over the earth and silently communing with heaven; and as I gazed upward at its fretted battlements I could almost see the wings of angels waving in the midnight air.

It is early morning now, and across a lovely blue sky float thin clouds of snowy fleece, while many rooks soar above the lofty towers of Ely, darting into crevices in its gray crown, or settling upon its parapets, with a hoarse, querulous croak. The little town has not yet awakened. Nothing is stirring except a few dead leaves that the wind has blown down over night, and that are now wildly whirled along the white, hard, cleanly streets. The level on which this ancient settlement rests is so even and so extensive that from almost any elevation you can see the tree-line on the distant horizon. Some of the houses have doors and shutters of yellow oak. The narrow causeways are paved with smooth gray stone or slate. Not many lattices or gables are visible, such as the traveller often sees in Canterbury or Winchester, nor is there in Ely such a romantic street as the exquisite Vicar's

Close, at Wells; but bits of old monastic architecture are numerous,—arched gateways fretted by time, shields of stone, carved entablatures, and broken gargoyles,—curiously commingled with the cottage ornamentation of modern day. On the long village-green in front of the Cathedral stands a handsome piece of ordnance that was captured at Sebastopol,—peaceful enough now, before the temple of the Prince of Peace. At a little distance rises the spire of St. Mary's, a gray relic of the thirteenth century, remarkable for its door-arches of blended Norman and early English art. Close at hand is the venerable Tudor palace, which for more than four centuries has been inhabited by the bishops of Ely, and upon some part of which may have rested the gaze of that astute statesman, Bishop Morton, who "fled to Richmond," and whose defection wrought the political ruin of King Richard the Third. Every way you turn and everywhere you ramble there is something to inspire historic interest or awaken thought. Even as Glastonbury, upon the golden plain of Somerset, was once the Isle of Avalon,

so this place, lonely among the fens of Eastern Anglia, was once the Isle of Ely. It is more than twelve hundred years since the resolute devotion of a chaste, noble woman made this a sacred spot, and if storied Ely taught no other lesson and gave no other comfort it would, at least,—as a commemorative monument to the Saxon princess Ethelryth,—admonish us that life is capable of higher things than mortal love, and that the most celestial of women is the woman who is sufficient unto herself.

XXII.

STRATFORD REVISITED.

NIGHT, in Stratford-upon-Avon—a summer night, with large, solemn stars, a cool, fragrant breeze, and the stillness of perfect rest. From a high, grassy bank I look forth across the darkened meadows and the smooth, shining river, and see the little town where it lies asleep. Hardly a light is anywhere visible. A few great elms, near by, are nodding and rustling in the wind, and once or twice a drowsy bird-note floats up from the neighboring thicket that skirts the vacant, lonely road. There, at some distance, are the dim arches of Clopton's Bridge. In front,—a shapely mass, indistinct in the starlight,—rises the fair Memorial, Stratford's pride. Further off, glimmering through the tree-tops, is the dusky spire of Trinity, keeping its sacred vigil over the

dust of Shakespeare. Nothing here is changed. The same tranquil beauty, as of old, hallows this place; the same sense of awe and mystery broods over its silent shrines of everlasting renown. Weary the time has been since last I saw it, but to-night remembered only as a fleeting, troubled dream. Here, once more, is the noblest companionship the world can give. Here, once more, is the almost visible presence of the magician who can lift the soul out of the weariness of common things and give it strength and peace. The old time has come back, and the bloom of the heart that I thought had all faded and gone. I stroll again to the river's brink, and take my place in the boat, and, trailing my hand in the dark waters of Avon, forget every trouble that ever I have known.

It is often said, with reference to memorable places, that the best view always is the first view. No doubt the accustomed eye sees blemishes. No doubt the supreme moments of human life are few and come but once, and neither of them is ever repeated. Yet

frequently it will be found that the change is in ourselves and not in the objects we behold. Scott has glanced at this truth, in a few mournful lines, written toward the close of his heroic, beautiful life. Here at Stratford, however, I am not conscious that the wonderful charm of the place is in any degree impaired. The town still preserves its old-fashioned air, its quaintness, its cleanliness and order. At the Shakespeare cottage, in the stillness of the room where he was born, the spirits of mystery and reverence still keep their imperial state. At the ancient Grammar-School, with its pent-house roof and its dark sagging rafters, you still can see, in fancy, the unwilling schoolboy gazing upward absently at the great, rugged timbers, or looking wistfully at the sunshine, where it streams through the little lattice windows of his prison. New Place, with its lovely lawn, its spacious garden, the ancestral mulberry and the ivy-covered well, will bring the poet before you, as he lived and moved, in the meridian of his greatness. There he blessed his young daughter, on her

wedding day; there his eyes closed in the last sleep; and from that place he was carried to his grave in the old church. I pass once again through the fragrant avenue of limes, the silent churchyard, the dim porch, the twilight of the venerable temple, and kneel above the ashes of Shakespeare. What majesty in this triumphant rest! All the great labor accomplished; the universal human heart interpreted with a living voice; the memory and the imagination of mankind stored forever with words of sublime eloquence and images of immortal beauty; the noble lesson of self-conquest,—of the entire adequacy of the resolute, virtuous, patient human will,—set forth so grandly that all the world must see its meaning; and, last of all, death shorn of its terror.

The custodian at New Place will show the little museum that is kept there,—including a shovel-board from the old Falcon tavern, which once stood across the way, on which the poet might have played,—and will lead you through the gardens, and descant on the many associations of the place. There is a fresh,

fragrant beauty about these grounds, a charming atmosphere of sunshine, comfort, and elegance. The custodian of New Place has the keys of the guild chapel, opposite, on which Shakespeare looked, from his windows and his garden, and in which he was the holder of two sittings. You will enter it by the porch through which he walked, and see the arch and columns and tall, mullioned windows on which his gaze has often rested. The interior is cold and barren now, for the scriptural wall-paintings that once adorned it have been removed, and the wooden pews, which are modern, have not yet been embrowned by age. Yet that church, deemed one of Shakespeare's haunts, will hold you with the strongest tie of reverence and sympathy. At his birthplace everything remains unchanged. The ceiling of the room in which the poet was born is, indeed, slowly crumbling to pieces. Every morning little particles of the plaster are found upon the floor. The area of tiny iron laths, to sustain it, has more than doubled since I first saw it. In the museum hall, once

the Swan Inn, they have formed a library; and there you can see at least one Shakespearean relic of extraordinary interest,—that manuscript letter of Richard Quiney (whose son Thomas became, in 1616, the husband of Shakespeare's youngest daughter, Judith) asking the poet for the loan of thirty pounds. It is enclosed between plates of glass, in a frame, and usually it is kept covered with a cloth, so that the sunlight will not cause the ink to fade. The date of that letter is October 25, 1598, and thirty English pounds then was a sum equivalent to about six hundred dollars of American money now. That is the only letter known to be in existence that Shakespeare received. Miss Caroline Chattaway, the younger of the ladies who long kept this house, was accustomed to recite its text from memory,—giving an old-fashioned flavor to its quaint phraseology, as rich as the odor of wild thyme and rosemary growing in her garden beds. Such an antique touch adds a wonderful charm to the relics of the past. I found it once more when sitting in the chimney-corner of Anne Hathaway's

kitchen, and again in the lovely little church at Charlecote, where a simple, kindly woman, not ashamed to reverence the place and the dead, stood with me, at the tomb of the Lucy family, and repeated from memory the tender, sincere epitaph with which Sir Thomas Lucy thereon commemorates his departed wife. The lettering is small and indistinct on the tomb, but, having often read it, I well knew how correctly it was then spoken: nor shall I ever read it again without thinking of that pleasant voice, the hush of the empty church, the afternoon sunlight streaming through the oriel window, and,—visible through the doorway arch,—the roses waving among the churchyard graves.

In the days of Shakespeare's youth a fourth part of England was a wilderness, and the population of the country did not exceed five millions of persons. The Stratford-upon-Avon of to-day is still possessed of some of its ancient features, but the region round about it then must have been rude and wild, in comparison with what it is at present. If you walk in the footpath to Shottery now you

will pass between low fences and along the margin of gardens,—now in the sunshine, and now in the shadow of larch, chestnut, and elm, while the sweet air blows upon your face and the expeditious rook makes rapid wing to the woodland, cawing as he flies. In the old cottage, with its roof of thatch, its crooked rafters, its odorous hedges and climbing vines, its leafy well and its tangled garden, everything remains the same. There are the ancient carved bedstead, in the garret, the wooden settle by the kitchen fireside, the hearth at which Shakespeare sat, the great blackened chimney with its adroit iron "fish-back" for the better regulation of the tea-kettle, and the brown and tattered Bible containing the Hathaway family record. Sitting in an old armchair, in the corner of Anne Hathaway's bedroom, I could hear, in the perfumed summer stillness, the low twittering of birds, whose nest is in the covering thatch and whose songs would awaken the sleeper at the earliest dawn. A better idea can be obtained in that cottage than in either the birthplace, or any other

THE HATHAWAY COTTAGE AT SHOTTERY, NEAR STRATFORD

Talk not of gems, the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay—
Talk of my gem, Anne Hathaway!

DIBDIN.

Shakespearean haunt, of what the actual life of the common people of England was, in Shakespeare's day. The stone floor and oak timbers of the Hathaway kitchen, stained and darkened in the slow decay of three hundred years, have lost no particle of their pristine character. In such a nook the inherited habits of living do not alter. "The thing that has been is the thing that shall be," and the customs of long ago are the customs of to-day.

The Red Horse Hotel, formerly managed by Mr. Gardner, who owned it in Washington Irving's day, has been inherited by his nephew, William Gardner Colbourne, under whose direction, however, it has not parted with either its antique furniture or its delightful ways. The mahogany and wax-candle period has not yet ended in that happy place, and you sink to sleep on a snow-white pillow, soft as down and fragrant as lavender. One change is remarked. They have made a niche in the corner of Washington Irving's parlor, and in it have placed his armchair, recushioned and polished, and it is sequestered from touch by

a large sheet of plate-glass. The relic can still be seen, but the pilgrim can sit in it no more. "Geoffrey Crayon's sceptre," the poker that Irving used, and of which he has facetiously written, is the tenant of a starred and striped bag, and keeps its state in the seclusion of a bureau; nor is it shown except upon request.

One of the strong instincts of the English character is that of permanence. It acts involuntarily. Institutions seem to have grown out of human nature in this country, and are as much its expression as blossoms, leaves, and flowers are the expression of inevitable law. A custom, in England, once established, is seldom changed. The brilliant career, the memorable achievement, the great character, takes a permanent shape, in some kind of outward, visible memorial, some recognitory fact, which thenceforth is an accepted part of the history of the land and the experience of its people. England means stability—the fireside and the altar; and that is, in part, the explanation of the power she wields in the affairs of the world and the charm that she diffuses over the

domain of thought. Such a temple as St. Paul's Cathedral, such a palace as Hampton Court, such a castle as that of Windsor or that of Warwick, is the natural, spontaneous expression of the English instinct of permanence; and it is in memorials like those that England has written her history, with symbols that cannot perish. At intervals a latent animal ferocity breaks loose,—as it did under King Henry the Eighth, under Cromwell, and under King James the Second,—and for a brief time ramps and bellows, striving to deface and deform the surrounding structure of beauty that has been slowly and painfully reared out of her deep heart and her sane civilization; but the tears of human pity soon quench the fire of Smithfield, and it is only for a little while that Puritan soldiers play at nine-pins in the nave of St. Paul's. The fever of animal impulse, the wild revolt of petulant impatience, is soon cooled; and then the great work goes on again, as calmly and surely as before,—that great work, of educating mankind to the level of constitutional liberty, in which England

has been engaged for well-nigh a thousand years, and in which the American Republic, though sometimes at variance with her methods and her spirit, is, nevertheless, her follower and the consequence of her example: for it is instructive to remember that, while our Declaration was made in 1776, the Declaration of Right, recognizing the Prince of Orange, is dated 1689, the Bill of Rights is dated 1628, and Magna Charta was secured in 1215.

It is difficult to avoid rhapsody, in trying to express the feelings that are excited by personal contact with relics of Shakespeare, the objects that he saw, and the fields through which he wandered. Fancy would never tire of lingering in that delicious region of flowers and of dreams. From the hideous vileness of the social condition of London, in the time of King James the First, the poet must indeed have rejoiced to seek that blooming garden of rustic tranquillity. There also he could find the surroundings that were essential to sustain him amid the vast labors of his final period. No man, however great his powers, can escape

from the trammels under which Nature enjoins and permits the exercise of the brain. Ease, in the intellectual life, is visionary. The higher a man's faculties the higher are his ideals,—toward which, under the operation of a divine law, he must perpetually strive, but to the height of which he will never absolutely attain. So, inevitably, it was with Shakespeare. But, although genius cannot escape from itself and is no more free than the humblest toiler in the vast scheme of creation, it can,—and it must,—sometimes escape from the world: and that wise poet, of all men else, would surely recognize and strongly grasp the great privilege of solitude amid soothing adjuncts of natural beauty. That privilege he found in the sparkling and fragrant gardens of Warwick, the woods and fields and waters of Avon, where he had played as a boy, and where love had laid its first kiss upon his lips and poetry first opened upon his inspired vision the eternal glories of her celestial world. It still abides there, for every gentle soul that can feel its influence,—to deepen the glow of noble

passion, to soften the sting of grief, and to touch the lips of worship with a fresh sacrament of patience and beauty.

AT SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE.

No eyes can see man's destiny completed
  Save His, who made and knows th' eternal plan:
As shapes of clouds in mountains are repeated,
  So thoughts of God accomplished are in man.

Here the divinest of all thoughts descended;
  Here the sweet heavens their sweetest boon let fall;
Upon this hallowed ground begun and ended
  The life that knew, and felt, and uttered all.

There is not anything of human trial
  That ever love deplored or sorrow knew,
No glad fulfilment and no sad denial,
  Beyond the pictured truth that Shakespeare drew.

All things are said and done, and though forever
  The streams dash onward and the great winds blow,
There comes no new thing in the world, and never
  A voice like his, that seems to make it so.

Take, then, thy fate, or opulent or sordid,
  Take it and bear it and esteem it blest;
For of all crowns that ever were awarded,
  The crown of simple patience is the best.

Trinity Church, Stratford-upon-Avon,
1889.

XXIII.

HAUNTED WARWICKSHIRE.

On the night of November 4, 1820, a brutal murder was done, at a lonely place on the high-road between Charlecote Park and Stratford-upon-Avon. The victim was a farmer, named William Hirons. The next morning the murdered man was found lying by the roadside, his mangled head resting in a small hole. (The assassins, four in number, named Adams, Hawtrey, Sidney, and Quiney, were shortly afterward discovered, and they were hanged at Warwick, in April, 1821.) From that day to this the hole wherein the dead man's head rested remains unchanged. No matter how often it may be filled, whether by wash of heavy rains or by stones and leaves that wayfarers may happen to cast into it as they pass, it is soon found to be again empty. No one

takes care of it. No one knows whether or by whom it is guarded. Fill it at nightfall, and you will find it empty in the morning. That is the local affirmation. This spot is two miles and a half north of Stratford and three-quarters of a mile from the gates of Charlecote Park. I looked at this hole one bright summer day and saw that it was empty. Nature, it is thought by the poets, abhors complicity with the concealment of crime, and brands with a curse the places that are linked with the shedding of blood. In Hood's poem of "Eugene Aram" it is written:

> A mighty wind had swept the leaves,
> And still the corse was bare.

There are other haunted spots in Warwickshire. The benighted peasant does not linger on Ganerslie Heath,—for there, at midnight, dismal bells have been heard to toll, from Blacklow Hill, the place where Sir Piers Gaveston, the corrupt, handsome, foreign favorite of King Edward the Second, was beheaded, by order of the grim barons whom he had

insulted and opposed. The Earl of Warwick led them, whom Gaveston called the Black Dog of Arden. Everybody knows the historic incident, but no one can so completely realize it as when standing on the spot where it occurred. The scene of execution is marked by a cross, erected by Mr. Bertie Greathead, bearing this inscription: "In the hollow of this rock was beheaded, on the First Day of July, 1312, by Barons lawless as himself, Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall. In life and death a memorable instance of misrule." Holinshed says that the execution occurred on Tuesday, June 20. No doubt the birds were singing and the green branches of the trees were waving in the summer wind, on that fatal day, even as they are now. Gaveston was a man of personal beauty and of talent, and only twenty-nine years old. It was a melancholy sacrifice and horrible in the circumstances that attended it. No wonder that doleful thoughts should come, and blood-curdling sounds, at least in fancy, to persons who walk on Ganerslie Heath in the lonely hours of the night.

Another haunted place is Clopton,—haunted certainly by memories if not by ghosts. In the reign of King Henry the Seventh this was the manor of Sir Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London, in 1492. The dust of Sir Hugh rests in Stratford church and his mansion has passed through many hands. Sir Arthur Hodgson bought it, in July, 1873. It was my privilege to see Clopton under the guidance of Sir Arthur, and a charming old house it is, fraught with quaint objects and singular associations. Among many interesting paintings that adorn its walls there is the portrait of a lady,—slight of figure, having long auburn hair, delicate features, and a peculiarly sensitive expression of face,—said to be that of Lady Margaret Clopton, who, in the Stuart time, drowned herself in a well, behind the mansion,—being crazed with grief because of the death of her lover, killed in the Civil War; and also there is the portrait of another Clopton girl, Lady Charlotte, who is thought to have been accidentally buried alive. It chanced that the family tomb was opened, a

few days after her interment, and the corpse was found to be turned over in its coffin and to present indications that the wretched victim of premature burial had, in her frenzy, gnawed her flesh. Her supposed death, attributed to the plague, had occurred on the eve of her prospective marriage.

It is a blood-stained corridor in Clopton, however, that most impresses imagination. This is at the top of the house, and access to it is gained by a winding stair, of oak boards, uncarpeted, solid, simple, and consonant with the times and manners that it represents. Many years ago a squire of Clopton (so runs the story) murdered his butler, in a little bedroom, near the top of that staircase, and dragged the body along the corridor, to secrete it. A thin dark stain, seemingly a streak of blood, extends from the door of that bedroom, in the direction of the stairhead, and this is so deeply imprinted in the wood that it cannot be removed. Opening from this corridor, opposite to the room of the murder, is an angular apartment, which, in remote days of Roman Catholic occu-

pancy, was used as an oratory. In the reign of King Henry the Sixth, John Carpenter obtained from the Bishop of Worcester permission to establish a chapel at Clopton. In 1885 the walls of that chapel,—a chamber in the attic,—were committed to the care of a paper-hanger, who presently discovered on them several inscriptions, in black letter, but who fortunately mentioned his discovery before obliterating the inscriptions. Richard Savage, the antiquary, was called to examine them, and by him they were restored. The effect of those little patches of letters,—islands of meaning compassed in a barren sea of wall-paper,—is extremely singular. Most of them are sentences from the Bible. One imparts the solemn injunction: "Whether you rise yearlye or goe to bed late, Remember Christ Jesus who died for your sake." This can be found in John Weever's "Funeral Monuments," 1631. An interesting fact in the long and various history of Clopton is that, for about three months, in 1605, it was occupied by Ambrose Rokewood, of Coldham Hall, Suffolk, whom Robert Catesby brought

into the ghastly Gunpowder Plot, which so startled England, in the reign of King James the First. Hither came Sir Everard Digby, and Thomas and Robert Winter, and the specious Jesuit, Father Garnet, with his train of sentimental fanatics, on that pilgrimage of sanctification with which he formally prepared to attempt an act of hideous treachery and wholesale murder. The little oratory of Clopton must have been in active use at that time. Things belonging to Rokewood, who, captured at Hewel Grange, was executed on January 31, 1606, were found therein and seized by the government. Mr. Fisher Tomes, resident proprietor of Clopton from 1825 to 1830, remembered the inscriptions in the oratory, which in his time had not been covered. Not many years ago it was a bedroom; but one of Sir Arthur Hodgson's guests, who undertook to sleep in it, was, it is said, afterward heard to declare that he wished not again to experience the hospitality of that chamber, because of the startling sounds that he heard throughout the night. A house containing many rooms and

staircases, a house full of long corridors and winding ways, a house of mystery,—such is Clopton. It stands in a large park, sequestered from other buildings and bowered in trees. To sit in the great hall of that mansion, on a winter midnight, when the snow-laden wind is howling around it, and then to think of the little oratory, and to imagine stealthy, gliding shapes upstairs, invisible to mortal eye, but felt, with a shuddering sense of some unseen presence watching in the dark,—this would be to have a sufficient experience of a haunted house. Sir Arthur Hodgson talked of the legends of Clopton,—but with that merry twinkle in his eyes which suits well with kindly incredulity.

The manor of Clopton was granted to John de Clopton by Peter de Montfort, 1236, in the reign of King Henry the Third, and the family of Clopton dwelt there for more than five hundred years. The Cloptons of Warwickshire and those of Suffolk are of the same family, and at Long Melford, in Suffolk, can be found many memorials of it. The famous

Sir Hugh died in London, in 1496, and was buried at St. Margaret's, Lothbury. Joyce, or Jocasa, Clopton, born in 1558, became a lady-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth, and afterward to Queen Anne, wife of King James the First, and ultimately married George Carew, created Earl of Totnes and Baron Clopton. Carew, born in 1557, the son of a Dean of Exeter, became commander-in-chief in Ireland, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. King James ennobled him, in 1605, and King Charles the First made him Earl of Totnes, in 1625. The Earl and his Countess are buried in Stratford church, where their marble effigies, recumbent in the Clopton pew, are among the finest monuments of that hallowed place. The Countess died in 1636, leaving no children, and the Earl thereupon caused all the estates that he had acquired by marriage with her to be restored to the Clopton family. Sir John Clopton, born in 1638, married the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Edward Walker, owner of Clopton in the time of King Charles the Second, and it is interesting to remember that by him was built

the well-known house of Stratford, formerly called the Shoulder of Mutton, but more recently designated the Swan's Nest. (The original sign of the Shoulder of Mutton, which once hung before that house, was painted by Grubb, who also painted the remarkable portrait of the Corporation Cook, which now hangs in the town hall of Stratford,—given to the borough by the late Henry Graves, of London.) Mention is made of a Sir John Clopton by whom the well in which Lady Margaret drowned herself was enclosed; it is still called Lady Margaret's Well; a stone, at the back of it, is inscribed, "S. J. C. 1686." Sir John died in 1692, leaving a son, Sir Hugh, who died in 1751, aged eighty. The last Clopton in the direct line was Frances, born in 1718, who married Mr. Parthenwicke, and died in 1792.

Clopton House has undergone many changes. The north and west sides of the present edifice were built in the time of King Henry the Seventh. The building was originally surrounded with a moat. When the moat was

disused three "jack bottles" were found in its bed, made of coarse glass, and bearing on the shoulder of each bottle the crest of John-a-Combe. These relics were in the collection of Sir Arthur Hodgson. A part of the original structure remains, at the back,—a porchway entrance, once accessible across the moat, and an oriel window at the right of that entrance. Over the front window are displayed the arms of Clopton,—an eagle, perched upon a tun, bearing a shield; and in the gable appear the arms of Walker, with the motto, *Loyauté mon honneur*. Sir Edward Walker was master of Clopton soon after the Restoration, and by him the entrance to the house, which formerly was where the dining-room now is, was transferred to its present position. It was Walker who carried to King Charles the Second, in Holland, 1649, intelligence of the execution of his father. A portrait of the knight, by Dobson, hangs on the staircase wall at Clopton, where he died in 1677, aged sixty-five. He was Garter-King-at-Arms. His remains are buried in Stratford church, with an epitaph

over them by Dugdale. Mr. Ward owned the estate about 1840, and under his direction many changes were made in the old building,—sixty workmen having been employed upon it, for six months. The present drawing-room and conservatory were built by Mr. Ward, and by him the whole structure was "modernized." There are wild stories that autographs and other relics of Shakespeare once existed at Clopton, and were consumed there, in a bonfire. A stone in the grounds marks the grave of a silver eagle, that was starved to death, through the negligence of a gamekeeper, November 25, 1795. There are twenty-six notable portraits in the main hall of Clopton, one of them being that of Oliver Cromwell's mother, and another, probably, that of the unfortunate, unhappy Arabella Stuart, only child of the fifth Earl of Lennox, who died, at the Tower of London, in 1615.

Warwickshire swarmed with conspirators while the Gunpowder Plot was in progress. The Lion Inn at Dunchurch was the chief tryst of the captains who were to lead their

forces and capture the Princess Elizabeth and seize the throne and the country, after the expected explosion,—which never came. And when the plot had failed and Fawkes been captured, it was through Warwickshire that the "racing and chasing" were fleetest and wildest, till the desperate scramble for life and safety went down in blood, at Hewel Grange. Various houses associated with that plot are still extant in the neighborhood of Stratford, and when the scene shifts to London and to Garnet's Tyburn gallows, it is easily possible for the patient antiquarian to tread in almost every footprint of that great conspiracy.

I was fortunately the bearer of the card of the Lord Chamberlain, when following in that track, and therefore was favored by the beef-eaters who pervade the Tower. Those damp and gloomy dungeons were displayed wherein so many Jews perished miserably, in the reign of King Edward the First; and Little Ease was shown,—the cell in which for several months Guy Fawkes was incarcerated, during Cecil's wily investigation of the Plot.

A part of the rear wall has been removed, affording access to the adjacent dungeon, but, originally, the cell did not give room for a man to lie down in it, and scarce gave room for him to stand upright. The massive door, of ribbed and iron-bound oak, is still solid, though worn. A poor, stealthy cat was prowling about in those subterranean dens of darkness and horror, and was left locked in there when we emerged. In St. Peter's, on Tower Green, the coffins have been examined of Lovat, Kilmarnock, and Balmerino, the Scotch lords who perished upon the block, for their complicity with the rising for the Pretender, 1745-'47. The coffins were much decayed. The plates can now be seen, in a glass case, on the church wall, over against the spot where those unfortunate men were buried. One is of lead and is in the form of a large open scroll. The other two are oval in shape, and made of pewter. It is said that the remains of Lord Lovat were, soon after his execution, secretly removed, and buried at his home near Inverness, and that the head was sewed to the body.

In St. Mary's Church at Warwick the pilgrim can see the beautiful Beauchamp chapel, in which are entombed Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, the founder of the church; Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in whose Latin epitaph it is stated that "his sorrowful wife, Lætitia, daughter of Francis Knolles, through a sense of conjugal love and fidelity, hath put up this monument to the best and dearest of husbands"; Ambrose Dudley, elder brother to Elizabeth's favorite, and known as the Good Earl (he relinquished his title and possessions to Robert), and that Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, who lives in fame as "the friend of Sir Philip Sidney." There are other notable sleepers in that chapel. One odd epitaph records, of William Viner, steward to Lord Brooke, that "he was a man entirely of ancient manners, and to whom you will scarcely find an equal, particularly in point of liberality. . . . He was added to the number of the heavenly inhabitants maturely for himself, but prematurely for his friends, in his 70th year, on the 28th day of April, A.D. 1639." An-

other, placed for himself, by Thomas Hewett, during his lifetime, humbly describes him as "a most miserable sinner." Still another, and this in quaint verse, by Gervas Clifton, gives a tender tribute to Lætitia, "the excellent and pious Lady Lettice," Countess of Leicester, who died on Christmas morning, 1634:

> She that in her younger years
> Matched with two great English peers;
> She that did supply the wars
> With thunder, and the Court with stars;
> She that in her youth had been
> Darling to the maiden Queene,
> Till she was content to quit
> Her favour for her favourite. . . .
> While she lived she livéd thus,
> Till that God, displeased with us,
> Suffered her at last to fall,
> Not from Him but from us all.

Robert Dudley (1532-1588) was not an admirable man, but certain facts of his life have been misrepresented. He married Amy Robsart, daughter of Sir John Robsart, of Siderstern, Norfolk, on June 4, 1550, publicly, and in presence of King Edward the Sixth.

Amy Robsart never became Countess of Leicester, but died, in 1560, four years before Dudley became Earl of Leicester, by a "mischance,"—namely, an accidental fall down stairs,—at Cumnor Hall, near Abingdon. She was not at Kenilworth, as represented in Scott's novel, at the time of the great festival in honor of Queen Elizabeth, in 1575, because at that time she had been dead fifteen years. Dudley secretly married Douglas Howard, Lady Sheffield, in 1571-'73, but would never acknowledge her. His third wife was the Lætitia whose affection deplores him, in the Beauchamp chapel.

A noble bust of that fine thinker and exquisite poet Walter Savage Landor is conspicuous on the west wall of St. Mary's church. He was a native of Warwick and he is fitly commemorated in that place. The bust is of alabaster and is set in an alabaster arch with carved environment, and with the family arms displayed above. The head of Landor shows great intellectual power, rugged yet gentle. Coming suddenly upon the bust, in this church, the pilgrim is forcibly and pleasantly reminded

of the attribute of gentle reverence in the English character, which so invariably expresses itself, all over this land, in honorable memorials to the honorable dead.

No rambler in Warwick omits to explore Leicester's hospital, or to see as much as he can of the Castle. I walked beneath the stately cedars and along the bloom-bordered avenues where once Joseph Addison used to wander and meditate, and traversed those opulent state apartments wherein so many royal, noble, and beautiful faces look forth from the radiant canvas of Holbein and Vandyke. There is a wonderful picture, in one of those rooms, of the great Earl of Strafford, when a young man,—a face prophetic of stormy life, baleful struggles, and a miserable fate. You can see there a helmet that was worn by Oliver Cromwell, and also a striking death-mask of his face, and some of the finest portraits that exist of King Charles the First.

XXIV.

FIRST VIEW OF CANTERBURY.

One of the most impressive spots on earth, and one that especially teaches, with silent, pathetic eloquence and solemn admonition, the great lesson of contrast, the incessant flow of the ages and the inevitable decay and oblivion of the past, is the ancient city of Canterbury. Years, and not merely days, of residence there seem essential to the full comprehension of that wonderful place. Yet even an hour passed among its shrines will teach you, as no printed word has ever taught, the measureless power and the sublime beauty of a perfect religious faith; while, as you meditate in the shadow of the gray Cathedral walls, the pageant of a thousand years of history will pass before you like a dream. The city itself, with its bright, swift river, the Stour, its opulence of trees

and flowers, its narrow, winding streets, its numerous antique buildings, its many towers, its fragments of ancient wall and gate, its formal decorations, its air of cleanliness and gravity, its beautiful, umbrageous suburbs,—where the scarlet of the poppies and the russet red of the clover make a vast rolling sea of color and of fragrant delight,—and, to crown all, its stately character of wealth without ostentation and industry without tumult, must prove to you a deep, satisfying comfort. But, through all this, pervading and surmounting it all, the spirit of the place pours in upon your heart and floods your whole being with the incense and organ music of passionate, jubilant devotion.

It was not superstition that reared those gorgeous fanes of worship which still adorn, even while they no longer consecrate, the ecclesiastic cities of the Old World. In the age of Augustine, Dunstan, and Ethelnoth humanity felt, very deeply, a vital need of settled reliance on religious faith. The drifting spirit, worn with sorrow, doubt, and self-conflict, longed to be at peace,—longed for a

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

How reverend is the face of this tall pile
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof

refuge equally from the evils and tortures of its condition and the storms and perils of the world, and out of the ecstatic joy of its newborn, passionate, responsive faith, it built and consecrated those stupendous temples,—rearing them with all its love no less than all its riches and all its power. There was no wealth that it would not give, no toil that it would not perform, and no sacrifice that it would not make, in the accomplishment of its sacred task. It was grandly, nobly, terribly in earnest, and it achieved a work that is not only sublime in its poetic majesty but measureless in the scope and extent of its spiritual influence. It has left to succeeding ages not only a legacy of permanent beauty, not only a sublime symbol of religious faith, but an everlasting monument to the loveliness and greatness that are inherent in human nature. No human being can stand in such a building as Canterbury Cathedral without feeling a greater love and reverence than he ever felt before, alike for God and man.

On a day when a class of boys of the King's

School of Canterbury was graduated I chanced to be a listener to the touching sermon that was preached before them, in the Cathedral; wherein they were tenderly admonished to keep unbroken their associations with their school-days and to remember the lessons of that place. That counsel should have sunk deep into every mind. It is difficult to understand how any person reared amid such scenes and relics could ever cast away their hallowing influence. Even to the casual visitor the bare thought of the historic treasures that are garnered in this temple is sufficient to implant in the bosom a memorable, lasting awe. For more than twelve hundred years the succession of the Archbishops of Canterbury has remained substantially unbroken. There have been ninety-four "primates of all England," of whom fifty-three were buried in the Cathedral, and here the tombs of fifteen of them are still visible. Here are buried the sagacious, crafty, inflexible, indomitable King Henry the Fourth,—that Hereford whom Shakespeare has described and interpreted with matchless eloquence,—and

here, cut off in the morning of his greatness, and lamented to this day in the hearts of the English people, was laid the body of Edward the Black Prince, who to a dauntless valor and terrible prowess in war added magnanimity in conquest, and whom personal virtues and shining public deeds united to make an ideal hero of chivalry. In no other way than by personal observance of such memorials can historic reading be invested with a perfect and permanent reality. Over the tomb of the Black Prince, with its fine recumbent effigy of shining brass, hang the gauntlets that he wore; and they tell you that his sword formerly hung there, but that Oliver Cromwell,—who revealed his iconoclastic, unlovely character in making a stable of this cathedral,—carried it away. Close at hand is the tomb of the wise, just, gentle Cardinal Pole, simply inscribed "Blesséd are the dead which die in the Lord"; and you can touch a little, low mausoleum of gray stone, in which are the ashes of John Morton, that Bishop of Ely from whose garden in Holborn the strawberries were brought for

the Duke of Glo'ster, on the day when he condemned the accomplished Hastings. Standing there, I could almost hear the resolute, scornful voice of *Richard,* breathing out, in clear, implacable accents:

> Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
> Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.

The astute Morton,—when the battle of Bosworth had been fought and the royal cause had been lost, and Richmond had assumed the crown, and Bourchier had died,—was made Archbishop of Canterbury, and as such, at a great age, he passed away. Not far from his place of rest, in a vault beneath the Church of St. Dunstan, is the head of Sir Thomas More (the body being in St. Peter's, at the Tower of London), who, in his youth, had been a member of Morton's ecclesiastical household, and whose greatness that prelate had foreseen and prophesied. Did no shadow of the scaffold ever fall across the statesman's thoughts, as he looked upon that handsome, manly boy, and thought of the passions that were raging about them? Morton, aged ninety,

From an Antient Original Painting on Board at Kensington Palace. *G. Vertue. del. & Sculp.*

RICHARD THE THIRD, KING OF ENGLAND

And all complexions act at once confusedly in him:
He studieth, striketh, threats, entreats, and looketh mildly grim,
Mistrustfully he trusteth, and he dreadingly doth dare,
And forty passions in a trice in him consort and square.

WARNER.

died in 1500; More, aged fifty-five, in 1535. Strange fate, indeed, was that, and as inscrutable as mournful, which gave to those who, in life, had been like father and son such a ghastly association in death!

St. Dunstan's church was connected with the Convent of St. Gregory. The Roper family, in the time of King Henry the Fourth, founded a chapel in it, in which are two marble tombs, commemorative of them, and underneath which is their burial vault. Margaret Roper, Sir Thomas More's daughter, obtained her father's head, after his execution, and buried it there. The vault was opened in 1835,—when a new pavement was laid in the chancel of this church, —and persons descending into it saw the head, in a leaden box shaped like a beehive, open in front, set in a niche in the wall, behind an iron lattice.

They show you the place where Becket was murdered, and the stone steps, worn hollow by the thousands of devout pilgrims who, in the days before the Reformation, crept up to weep and pray at the costly, resplendent shrine

of St. Thomas. The bones of Becket (or what were supposed to be his bones) were, by command of King Henry the Eighth, burnt, and scattered to the winds, while his shrine was pillaged and destroyed. Neither tomb nor scutcheon commemorates him here, but the Cathedral itself is his monument. There it stands, with its grand columns and glorious arches, its towers of enormous size and its long vistas of distance, so mysterious and awful, its gloomy crypt where once the silver lamps sparkled and the smoking censers were swung, its tombs of mighty warriors and statesmen, its frayed, crumbling banners, and the eternal, majestic silence with which it broods over the love, ambition, glory, defeat, and anguish of a thousand years, dissolved now and ended in a little dust! As the organ music died away I looked upward and saw where a bird was wildly flying to and fro through the vast spaces beneath its lofty roof, in the vain effort to find some outlet for escape. Fit emblem of the human mind which strives to comprehend and to utter the meaning of this marvellous fabric!

XXV.

A BORROWER OF THE NIGHT.

I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain.

—Macbeth.

Midnight has sounded from the tower of St. Martin's. It is a peaceful night, faintly lit with stars, and in the region round about Trafalgar Square a dream-like stillness broods over the darkened city, now slowly hushing itself to its brief and troubled rest. This is the centre of the heart of modern civilization, the middle of the greatest city in the world—the vast, seething alembic of a grand future, the stately monument of a deathless past. Here, alone, in my quiet room of this old English inn, let me meditate a while on some of the scenes that are near me,—the strange, romantic, sad, grand objects that I have seen,

the memorable figures of beauty, genius, and renown that haunt this classic land.

How solemn and awful now must be the gloom within the walls of the Abbey! A walk of only a few minutes would bring me to its gates,—the gates of the most renowned mausoleum on earth. No human foot to-night invades its sacred precincts. The dead alone possess it. I see, upon its gray walls, the marble figures, white and spectral, staring through the darkness. I hear the night-wind moaning around its lofty towers and faintly sobbing in the dim, mysterious spaces beneath its fretted roof. Here and there a ray of starlight, streaming through the sumptuous rose window, falls and lingers, in mystic gleam, on tomb, or pillar, or dusky pavement. Faint rustling sounds float from those dim chapels where the great kings lie in state, with marble effigies recumbent above their bones. At such an hour as this, in such a place, do the dead come out of their graves? The resolute, implacable Queen Elizabeth, the beautiful, ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots,—are these, and

such as these, among the phantoms that fill the haunted aisles? What a wonderful company it would be, for human eyes to behold! And with what passionate love or hatred, what amazement, or what haughty scorn, its members would look upon each other's faces, in this miraculous meeting? Here, through the glimmering, icy waste, would pass before the watcher the august shades of the poets of five hundred years,—Chaucer, Spenser, Jonson, Beaumont, Dryden, Cowley, and their tuneful brotherhood, children of genius, that here mingled with the earth. The grim Edward, who ravaged Scotland; the blunt, chivalrous Henry, who conquered France; the vacillant, miserable victim at Pomfret, and the harsh, haughty, astute victor at Bosworth; James with his babbling tongue, and William with his impassive, predominant visage,—they would all mingle with the spectral multitude and vanish into the gloom. Gentler faces, too, might here once more reveal their loveliness and their grief,—Eleanor de Bohun, heart-broken for her murdered lord; Elizabeth Clay-

pole, the meek, merciful, beloved daughter of Cromwell; Matilda, wife of King Henry the First, and model of every grace and virtue; and sweet Anne Neville, bride of the ruthless Glo'ster. Strange sights, truly, in the lonesome Abbey to-night!

In the sombre crypt beneath St. Paul's Cathedral how thrilling now must be the heavy stillness! No sound can enter there. No breeze from the upper world can stir the dust upon those massive sepulchres. Even in daytime that shadowy vista, with its groined arches and the black tombs of Wellington and Nelson and the ponderous funeral-car of the Iron Duke, is seen with a shudder. How strangely, how fearfully the mind would be impressed, of him who should wander there to-night! What sublime reflections would be his, standing beside the ashes of the great admiral, and thinking of that fiery, dauntless spirit who made the earth and the sea alike resound with the splendid tumult of his deeds. Somewhere beneath this pavement is the dust of Sir Philip Sidney,—buried here before the

destruction of the old Cathedral,—and here, too, is the nameless grave of the mighty Duke of Lancaster, John of Gaunt. Shakespeare was only twenty-two years old when Sidney fell, at Zutphen, and, being then resident in London, he might have seen, and doubtless did see, the splendid funeral procession with which the body of that heroic gentleman,—radiant example of chivalry,—was born to the tomb. Hither came Henry of Hereford,—returning from exile and deposing the handsome, visionary, profligate Richard,—to mourn over the relics of his father, dead of sorrow for his son's absence and his country's shame. Here, at the great age of ninety-one, the glorious brain of Wren found rest, beneath the stupendous temple that himself had reared. The watcher in the crypt to-night would see, perchance, or fancy that he saw, those figures from the storied past. Beneath this roof,—the soul and the symbol of sublimity,—are ranged more than four-score monuments to heroic martial persons who died for England, by land or sea. Here, also, are gathered, in everlasting repose,

the honored relics of men who were famous in the arts of peace,—Reynolds and Opie, Lawrence and West, Landseer, Turner, Cruikshank, and many more. For fifteen centuries a Christian church has stood upon this spot, and through it has passed, with organ strains and glancing lights, a long, gorgeous procession of prelates and statesmen, of poets, warriors, and kings. Surely this is hallowed, haunted ground! Surely to him the spirits of the dead would be very near, who, alone, in the darkness, should stand to-night within those sacred walls, and hear, beneath that awful dome, the mellow thunder of the bells of God.

How looks, to-night, the interior of the chapel of the Foundling Hospital? Dark and lonesome, no doubt, with its heavy galleries and sombre pews, and the great organ that Handel gave, standing there, mute and grim, between the tiers of empty seats: but never, in my remembrance, will it cease to present a picture more touching than words can say. Scores of white-robed children, rescued from penury by this noble benevolence, were ranged

around that organ when I saw it, and, in their artless little voices, singing a hymn of worship. More than a century and a half has passed since this refuge was established,—the sacred work and blessed legacy of Captain Thomas Coram. What a vast good it has accomplished, and continues to accomplish, and what a pure glory hallows its founder's name! Here the poor mother, betrayed and deserted, can take her child and find for it a safe home and a chance in life, nor will she herself be denied sympathy and help. The poet and novelist George Croly was once chaplain of the Foundling, and he preached some fine sermons there, but those discourses were thought to be above the comprehension of his usual audience, and he resigned the place. Sydney Smith often spoke in that pulpit, when a young man. It was an aged clergyman who preached there, within my hearing, and I remember he consumed almost an hour in saying that a good way in which to keep the tongue from speaking evil is to keep the heart kind and pure. Better than any sermon,

though, was the spectacle of those poor children, rescued out of their helplessness and reared in comfort and rectitude. Several superb works of art are owned by the hospital, which the visitor can see,—paintings by Gainsborough and Reynolds, and a portrait of Captain Coram, by Hogarth. May the turf lie lightly on him, and daisies and violets deck his hallowed grave! No man ever did a better deed than he, and the darkest night that ever was cannot darken his fame.

How dim and silent now are all those narrow, quaint little lanes around St. Paul's churchyard and the Temple, where Johnson and Goldsmith loved to ramble! More than once have I wandered there, in the late hours of the night, meeting scarce a human creature, but conscious of a royal company indeed, of the wits, poets, and players of a far-off time. Darkness now, on busy Smithfield, where once the cruel flames of bigotry shed forth a glare that sickened the light of day. Murky and grim enough to-night is that grand processional walk in St. Bartholomew's church, with

its huge gray pillars and splendid arches of the Norman age. Sweet to fancy and dear in remembrance, the old church comes back to me now, with the sound of the children's voices and the wail of the organ. In many a park and gloomy square the watcher now would hear only a rustling of leaves or the casual note of half-awakened birds. Around Primrose Hill and out toward Hampstead many a night-walk have I taken, that seemed like rambling in a desert,—so dark and still were the walled houses, so perfect the solitude. To walk in Bow Street now,—might it not be to meet the shades of Waller and Wycherley and Betterton, who lived and died there; to have a greeting from the silver-tongued Barry; or to see, in draggled lace and ruffles, the stalwart figure and flushed face of festive, gallant Henry Fielding? Very quiet now are those grim stone chambers in the terrible Tower of London, where so many tears have fallen and so many noble hearts been split with sorrow. Does Brakenbury kneel in the cold, lonely chapel of St. John,

or the sad ghost of Monmouth hover in the chancel of St. Peter's?

How sweet to-night would be the rustle of the ivy on the dark walls of Hadley church, where late I breathed the rose-scented air and heard the warbling thrush, and blessed, with a grateful heart, the loving kindness that makes such beauty in the world! Out there on the hillside of Highgate, populous with death, the starlight gleams on many a ponderous tomb and the white marble of many a sculptured statue, where famous names will lure the traveller's footsteps, for years to come. There Lyndhurst rests, in honor, and there is hushed the tuneful voice of Dempster,—never to be heard any more, either when snows are flying or "when green leaves come again." Not many days have passed since I stood there, by the humble gravestone of poor Charles Harcourt, and remembered the gentle enthusiasm with which he spoke to me of the character of *Jaques,*—which he loved,—and how well he repeated the immortal lines upon the drama of human life. For him the "strange, event-

ful history" came early and suddenly to an end. In that place, too, I saw the sculptured medallion of the well-beloved George Honey,—"all his frolic o'er" and nothing left but a name. Many a golden moment did we have, old friend, and by me thou art not forgotten! The lapse of a few years changes the whole face of life, but Time cannot take from us our memories. Here, around me, in the still watches of the night, are faces that will never smile again, and voices that will speak no more, —Sothern with his silver hair, and bright, kindly eyes, from the spacious cemetery of Southampton, and droll Harry Beckett, and lovely Adelaide Neilson, from dismal Brompton. And if I look from the window I shall not see the lions of Landseer or the vagrant wretches who sleep around them; but, high in her silver chariot, encompassed with all the pomp and splendor that royal England knows, the beautiful figure of Anne Boleyn, moving to her coronation in the Abbey,—her dark eyes full of triumph and her torrent of golden hair flashing in the sun.

On this spot is written the long, teeming, wonderful history of a mighty empire. Here are garnered such loves and hopes, such memories and sorrows, as can never be spoken. Pass, ye shadows! Let the night wane and the morning break.